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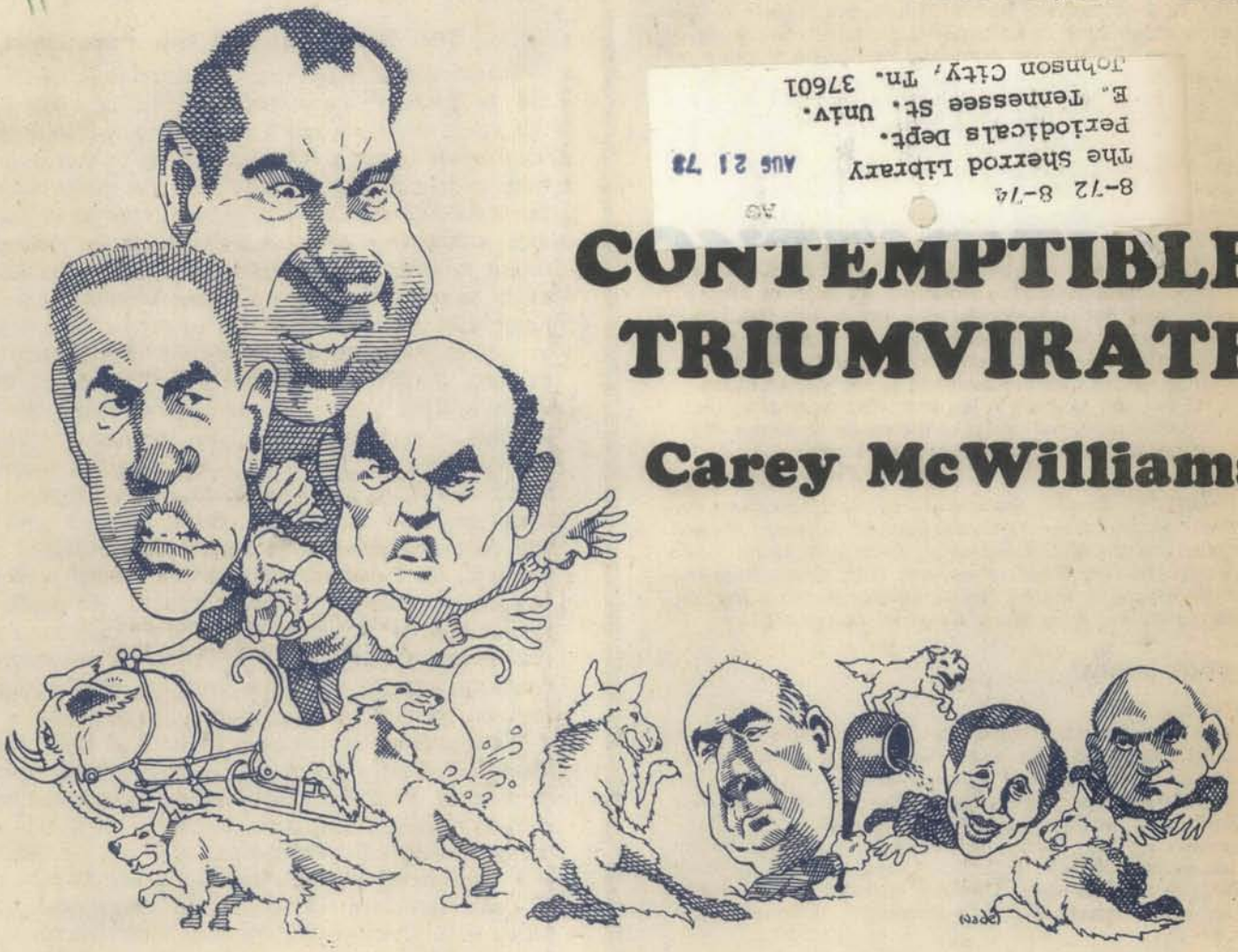

CONTEMPTIBLE TRIUMVIRATE

Carey McWilliams

Washington vs. Stockholm
COLD WAR ON SWEDEN Robert Skole

George Woodcock on Sir James Frazer

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LETTERS

Watergate lesson

Garden City, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: As students of the history of education at Adelphi University (summer session) we found your editorial, "Watergate U." [July 30] very much on target. Starting with the ancient Greeks, we have found ourselves going back and forth in time and discussing such concepts in educational and political theory as truth, justice, virtue, knowledge and morality. Without deliberately indulging in the kind of "private fantasy" which you suggest in this editorial, we have found ourselves continually impressed by the ways in which our traditional curriculum is being re-examined in the light of today's Watergate disclosures.

This morning, for example, our discussion of John Locke, particularly this passage from his *Second Treatise on Civil Government*, was so much in keeping with your own thoughts that we felt the need to share this with you. The quotation from Locke provides still another example in which our present executor has turned from the "model" provided by history:

> What I have said here concerning the legislative in general holds true also concerning the supreme executor, who having a double trust put in him, both to have a part in the legislative and the supreme execution of the law, acts against both, when he goes about to set up his own arbitrary will as the law of society. He acts also contrary to his trust when he employs the force, treasure, and offices of the society to corrupt the representatives and gain them to his purposes. . . .

Gertrude Langsam, Instructor

Kenneth W. Priston; David Goodruff; Joel Makower; Eve Perry; Michael Wels; Ira Dubin; Irene M. Schwartz; Michael Spindel; Brian McGuire; Lois A. Kent; Ann Leslie; Paula Martin; Barbara Siegel; Mary Ann Day; Ernest Ruggiero; Peter Bruzzo; J. Widyn; Ronnie Jensen; Margaret Harlour; Merna Pickett; Rose Marie Gregorio; Donna McAree.

what boom?

Houston, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: Israel is facing almost insurmountable economic, social, ethnic and political problems, which are seldom reflected in Mr. Krosney's articles. We hear and read a lot about Israel's booming economy. What are the facts? *New Outlook*, a monthly published in English in Tel Aviv, recently ran two articles on the subject—one by Professor Safran, an economist, in the April issue; the other by Shaul Zahri in the May issue. The latter includes a table, reflecting various aspects of Israel's economy. . . . To quote just a few:

	1961-66	*1967-72*
Annual increase in foreign trade *deficit* (millions of dollars)	17	105
Annual increase in foreign debt (millions of dollars)	112	460
Average annual increase in GNP	8.6%	9%

On its face, this last represents a remarkable achievement [and] . . . the same may be said about the average annual increase in industrial production: 11.9 per cent during the most recent five-year period. However, if we consider the rapid increase in Israel's population (the natural combined with the immigrant) . . . these figures represent a questionable achievement. The cited figures dealing with foreign debt and balance of trade serve to confirm my skepticism. . . .

M. J. Atlas

The editors regret that space limitations prevent them from considering for publication letters of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

Contemptible Triumvirate

August 14

The interval between the Watergate phase and the "dirty tricks" phase of the Ervin committee inquiry affords an opportunity to consider what the hearings to date have told us about the Watergate triumvirate of Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman.

The Case Against the President

Senator Baker insists that the central question is: "What did the President know and when did he know it?" But this states the issue much too narrowly. The President's involvement in the break-ins and cover-up can be analyzed from two points of view: (*1*) Would the evidence thus far adduced be sufficient to warrant conviction on one or more counts in a court of law? (*2*) Is the evidence sufficient to warrant a political judgment of the kind that might be reflected in, say, a motion of censure, or a resolution calling on the President to resign, or a resolution to inquire into possible grounds for impeachment? As to the first, the Ervin committee is not a judicial tribunal; it has heard a mass of testimony that would not be admissible in a court of law. Thus the first question need not be answered, but the Ervin committee record does sustain a valid political judgment, i.e., a judgment of the performance of an elected official charged with duties and responsibilities of the highest order. Judged by this standard, the President falls short on a number of counts. In fact, he concedes a major portion of the political case against him. He has publicly acknowledged, for example, that he initiated and approved extralegal, unconstitutional domestic security measures. But the case against him rests on broader and more substantial grounds.

Watergate had its origins as far back as 1969: the President had hardly taken the oath of office before re-election in 1972 became a major preoccupation. Re-election obviously hinged on the success of Melvin Laird's tricky strategy of "Vietnamization," i.e., withdrawal of U.S. combat troops and release of the POWs as part of a fragile settlement of some kind that would hold together until after the election and, hopefully, for a decent interval thereafter. Once the strategy was adopted, Kissinger's diplomatic initiatives in Moscow and Peking set the stage for negotiations that eventually resulted in the Paris cease-fire agreement.

The Cambodian "intrusion" and months of secret bombing missions, designed to cover troop withdrawals, were an essential part of the "game plan." But the Cambodian invasion triggered a major upsurge of anti-war sentiment which threatened Nixon's chances of re-election. It was for this reason and not to protect Sihanouk's position that the bombing missions were kept secret. And it is a fair inference that the wiretaps of May 1969 were ordered not to prevent leaks which might upset Kissinger's diplomatic initiatives but leaks of a different kind that had proven to be politically embarrassing. In June 1970, the President initiated the conference which resulted in the Huston plan for domestic surveillance and intelligence.

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And he approved the plan despite the fact that it was pointed out to him that some of the methods proposed were illegal. The plan as drafted was not put into operation because J. Edgar Hoover would not go along with it, but some of the proposals were salvaged in the special intelligence evaluation committee of December 1970, of which the President knew and approved.

Publication of the Pentagon Papers made the President more determined than ever to stop leaks that might adversely affect his re-election prospects. So in June 1971, "the plumbers" unit was set up, on his authority, and with his insistence that its missions were a matter of top priority. It is significant that supervision of this extralegal unit was assigned to Ehrlichman, who was the President's chief aide for domestic affairs, whereas Kissinger had given out the lists and monitored the results of the earlier wiretaps. Each of these initiatives—the wiretaps, the Huston plan, setting up the plumbers unit—had the President's approval.

The Ellsberg break-in was closely linked with Watergate, not only because Liddy and Hunt were involved in both but because investigation of the latter, it was feared, might well bring the former to public attention. Knowledge by the President's top aides of that break-in made it impossible to dismiss Watergate as the irresponsible action of the comedy team of Liddy and Hunt, and so led directly to the cover-up. The White House admits that the President knew of the Ellsberg break-in in mid-March 1973, but it was not until April 25—and then only because the Department of Justice forced his hand—that the information was passed on to the court. Thus for approximately six weeks Nixon suppressed evidence of major importance to the Ellsberg defense.

Six days after the Watergate break-in, the President ordered Haldeman and Ehrlichman to meet with Walters and Helms for the purpose of "containing" the investigation. In a sense, the cover-up began with this meeting. Regardless of the reasons cited by Haldeman (which were quite vague), the clear purpose of the meeting was to contain the FBI's investigation. Pursuant to instructions from Haldeman, Walters went to Gray, and for a period of some weeks the investigation was in fact curbed or contained. It should be noted that Helms was a Presidential appointee who served at the pleasure of the President. As experienced bureaucrats, both Walters and Helms had misgivings about the session with Haldeman and Ehrlichman. But because Helms was meeting with the President's two top aides who had called the meeting on the President's instructions, he felt it would be inappropriate for him to report his misgivings to the President. But the line of responsibility for what happened can be clearly charted: from the President to Haldeman-Ehrlichman to Walters-Helms to Gray. Patently an effort was being made to use one federal agency to interfere with the functioning of another agency, charged with responsibility for investigating a criminal offense.

The secret Cambodian bombings, while outside the purview of the Ervin committee, threw a revealing light on the chain of command at the White House. Everyone at the top has denied knowing that the records of these bombings were being falsified; such denials have been issued by Kissinger, Laird, Wheeler and Seamans. But

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the President had ordered the bombings—and that they be kept secret. In carrying out this policy, the chain of command went from the President to the Defense Department to the Joint Chiefs (Wheeler) to the field commanders. It may well be that, without specific instructions, some lower-level officer simply decided that the best way to carry out the order of secrecy was to falsify the records; but the order came directly from the President.

Nothing in the record is more absurd than statements by Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Moore that the President kept pleading for facts about Watergate which his staff could not furnish. For eight months or more he apparently ignored the press and network television. L. Patrick Gray was not the President's hair stylist—he was the Acting Director of the FBI. Gray's warning, as head of the FBI, to Clark MacGregor and the President on July 6, 1972 was alone sufficient to have put the President on notice that Watergate was no third-rate burglary, and that a cover-up was under way. But he asked Gray no questions. He had met with Mitchell shortly after the break-in but again he failed to ask questions. Later, within hours after James McCord had charged the White House with engineering the cover-up, the President phoned Gray—who was still Acting Director of the FBI—and reminded him that in their earlier conversation of July 6, 1972, he had ordered Gray to carry out a thorough investigation. The call gave Gray an "eerie" feeling—as well it might. When asked why, he testified: "I felt he (Nixon) was trying to put this on the record, so to speak." Also it should be noted that Haldeman's version of Dean's two key conversations with the President does not constitute a point-by-point refutation of Dean's testimony. In general the press was so shocked by Haldeman's references to the tapes that few attempts were made to point out, as William V. Shannon did in *The New York Times*, that the burden of Dean's testimony was not refuted. In a broader sense, the best proof of the President's involvement in the cover-up is to be found in the elaborate care with which his "deniability" was safeguarded. The President could have gotten the facts by snapping his fingers. But he made no direct, traceable inquiries because he did not want to be told what he already knew and might want later to deny that he knew.

In the last analysis the President's involvement cannot be judged solely on the basis of what he acknowledges he knew or what can be clearly proven to have been reported to him. Such evidence is known to exist, and it is damning. But the President must be held politically and constitutionally accountable for what he *should* have known in the given circumstances, and for what he did —or failed to do. Under the doctrine of constructive notice, he is chargeable with knowledge of the facts surrounding the two break-ins and the attempted cover-up. To apply a strictly legal test to the question of his involvement—the kind a court would have to apply—would be to make a mockery of Presidential accountability. Barbara W. Tuchman has pointed out in *The New York Times* that, in light of the record, "the question of whether Mr. Nixon did or did not verbally implicate himself in the cover-up of Watergate is not of the essence. . . . The present crisis of government will not be resolved on the basis of whether or not Mr. Nixon can be legally proved to have personally shared in obstructing justice in the Watergate case. His Administration has been shown to be pervaded by so much malfeasance that the Watergate break-in is no more than an incident. To confine the issue to that narrow ground seems a serious error. Forget the tapes. What we are dealing with here is fundamental immorality."

Haldeman

The only real surprise in Haldeman's testimony had to do with the tapes. At first blush this attempt to create the appearance of disclosing the contents of the tapes while keeping them under lock and key might be regarded as a nifty public relations trick. The effect was to get Haldeman's version—which Senator Ervin promptly characterized as "counterfeit"—to the public before, if ever, the tapes were released. At the same time, however, the trick was a bit too nifty. Now the President must either release the tapes, or encourage the valid inference that the tapes are equivocal or actually undercut his position.

But in general, Haldeman's testimony was what one might expect: a soft-sell presentation in which he seemed to have forgotten more than he remembered. For a man who aims at "zero-defect" perfection, his recollection was strikingly vague and uncertain. Again and again he talked around issues, and cleverly evaded denials which would have pinpointed his testimony in sharp conflict with that of other witnesses. Even so his presentation had its weak points. For example, he acknowledged that he knew where the $350,000 carry-over fund from the 1968 campaign was going, but was vague about the purposes for which it was to be used. It would have been painful to admit that the President's own funds were being used to finance the cover-up. Also, the manner in which the cash was turned over by Gordon Strachan and in turn delivered to Frederick LaRue was hardly compatible with the "zero-defect" conception of sound management. Another example: Strachan's testimony of how he was told by Haldeman to "clean" the files is entirely credible. For the fact is that he did "clean" the files.

From the outset it was to be assumed that Haldeman and Ehrlichman would protect the President as the best means of protecting themselves and that the onus of the cover-up would be placed on Dean, Magruder and Mitchell. In operational terms, Dean was fated to be "the fall guy." He had, unavoidably, too many contacts; his "deniability" was minimal. Moreover the triumvirate could assume that Dean would lose little time in seeking immunity, since he was vividly aware of his exposed position. Magruder was in much the same position, and Mitchell was also expendable. His contacts with Liddy, Magruder and Dean made him vulnerable. Moreover, as Ehrlichman's notes show, Mitchell was regarded as disorganized, his wife was talkative, and he was drinking a bit too much. And it could be assumed that, for his own protection, he would probably have to "tough it out," with or without any help from the triumvirate. In effect the triumvirate reasoned that if the three of them stuck to their

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stories, the President had a chance to ride out the storm even if the junior members had to step down. The President could not summarily oust them—they were permitted to resign with high praise as devoted public servants—because their testimony was vital to his defense. And his protection was their best defense.

In summing up on Haldeman, an impression of his testimony sent to *The Nation* by Paul Bernstein, professor of political and social science, University of California (Irvine), merits quotation:

> The testimony of Mr. Haldeman (and Mr. Ehrlichman's about the President) has revealed the core of Mr. Nixon's thinking, an insight which was not apparent from the earlier witnesses. Evidently, political expediency was such a natural order of the day with Haldeman and the President that no guilt, shame, or personal embarrassment was felt when such actions were planned as funding Governor Wallace's Democratic primary opponent, or using government agencies such as the Justice Department or the Internal Revenue Service to intimidate Nixon's critics and reward his political friends.
>
> This mentality seems in sharp contrast to that of earlier witnesses such as Sloan and Magruder, who got caught in something they suspected to be wrong and eventually recognized their actions as such. And it contrasts even with the attitudes of Mitchell and Ehrlichman, who apparently knew each time they did something wrong but have a greater talent than the younger men for skirting words and devising justifications.
>
> One gets the impression from Mr. Haldeman's calm retelling of such matters that he and the President did not think of themselves as *evil* men, did not snicker to themselves as they planned such actions, as if conscious of committing wrong. Rather, what guided them in their rise to power seems to have been two Basic Rules—*expediency* and *"packaging."* The first meant "whatever will get the job done." The second meant: to present the action in the best possible public light. The latter included, of course, keeping the action from *any* public light; hence their propensity for secrecy. And it was not because they might agree with a public judgment that some tactics were morally wrong, ethically impermissible, but because they knew as political men that public disapproval was a political *cost*. And the game plan they operated by was, by their own admission, *cost/benefit* analysis.
>
> Not a conscious pursuit of evil seems to have been governing our country at its highest level, but an amorality. A failure to apply ethical standards to their decisions, because that ability had *atrophied*, apparently, during years of successful reliance on the formula of expediency plus packaging. At least ten years, to be exact, as the findings of the California court about the 1962 gubernatorial campaign show.*

Ehrlichman

It will take some time for the Ervin committee and its staff to evaluate John Ehrlichman's five days of testimony if only because it conflicts, on so many points, with what nearly every other important witness had to say, including Dean, General Walters, Helms, Kleindienst, Petersen, Mitchell, Magruder, Mardian and Kalmbach. But what is most striking—and of most interest—about his testimony is the light it throws on his character.

Hugh Sloan and his wife were friends of the Ehrlichmans. In great personal distress, Sloan went to Ehrlichman seeking enlightenment and guidance. He had every right to believe that Ehrlichman would be forthcoming. Not only were they personal and family friends but Ehrlichman occupied a top command post in the citadel of the White House; he had an overview of the facts. But Ehrlichman did not want to hear what his friend had to say because he was not represented by counsel! A far more likely explanation, of course, is that Ehrlichman did not want to listen to what Sloan had to say because he might, at a later date, want to deny knowledge of facts which Sloan could impart. "Deniability" was more important than friendship and its obligations. Herbert Kalmbach, another friend in keen distress, went to Ehrlichman, reminded him of their friendship and of the close ties between their families, and almost prayerfully sought assurance about the propriety of the messy assignment Dean had given him. Kalmbach testified that he received such assurance; Ehrlichman flatly denies it. But Kalmbach's testimony has the ring of truth to it; the phrasing is vivid, the emphasis authentic. Later in Washington, an hour or so before he was scheduled to testify before the grand jury, Kalmbach phoned Ehrlichman without knowing or being told that the conversation was recorded. Ehrlichman, of course, took full advantage of the opportunity to make self-serving statements for the record while Kalmbach was permitted to make admissions that could be used against him. Kalmbach knew about the taped conversation when he appeared before the committee, but he had not read the transcript of it until then. When he read it he was so stunned that he was virtually wordless; he apologized to the committee for not being able to explain his words with certainty. Slight wonder that Kalmbach should feel demeaned and deceived, as well as shamelessly used. He had trusted a friend and, as he put it, "had got a kick in the stomach." Let it be noted that Ehrlichman could safely deny the first conversation; since it was not recorded it would be simply his word against Kalmbach's. But he took pains to record the second.

Ehrlichman, who is some kind of lawyer, insists that there was nothing unethical or improper in the way in which, on the President's instructions, he sounded out Judge Byrne on the FBI post even though the Ellsberg trial was still pending and even though the Attorney General had not been consulted. At the time of his two conversations with Judge Byrne, he knew (but Byrne did not) about the break-in at the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Judge Byrne does not agree with Ehrlichman as to what was actually said at the second conversation but that is not important. What is truly scandalous is Ehrlichman's arrogant insistence that there was nothing unethical or improper in the offer made to Judge Byrne, while this notably sensitive political trial was pending.

Or consider the Ellsberg break-in. Ehrlichman initiated, with a wary reservation, the memo which had set the operation in motion. True, he testified that he did not know a break-in was contemplated, but after the fact he justified it in terms of "national security." When asked why, he indulged in some vague talk about copies of the Pentagon Papers having been delivered to the Soviet Embassy. On its face, this crude attempt to es-

*See "Warming Up for Watergate" by Joseph C. Goulden, *The Nation*, May 28, 1973.

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tablish, by inference, a Soviet-Papers-Ellsberg connection was a piece of transparent hocus-pocus. Dr. Fielding had declined to be interviewed by the FBI. So Ehrlichman pressured the CIA into preparing a psychiatric profile, which concluded that Ellsberg had acted out of patriotic motives! That was not at all the kind of profile Ehrlichman wanted. The David Young memo explains the whole shabby plot. Ellsberg had been in analysis for two years. If, therefore, the psychiatric file revealed damaging or derogatory material about him it could be leaked—by Colson or some other expert in the art of leaking documents to the press—to a confidential news source. But such stories alone would not generate enough interest, it was thought, to keep Ellsberg from becoming a martyr in the eyes of those who opposed the war. So tentative arrangements were worked out with a Congressional subcommittee to hold hearings at which Ellsberg would be given the full treatment and set up as another target, in the manner of Alger Hiss. A scenario was prepared with this end in mind. Hunt's testimony confirms this version of the break-in. For no other purpose would the psychiatric file have been of any value to Ehrlichman and his co-plotters; all the talk about "national security" is therefore merely a stupid attempt, after the fact, to justify a criminal conspiracy.

Ehrlichman was quite proud of his metaphor about letting Pat Gray "hang there" and "twist, slowly, slowly in the wind." Gray, of course, is foolish, a condition for the cure of which no known therapy exists. But the manner in which he was humiliated and betrayed—the cynicism and cruelty of it—reveal Ehrlichman's character better than any other portion of his testimony. It was of a piece with Alexander P. Butterfield's memo to Haldeman in which he said that A. Ernest Fitzgerald was "no doubt a top-notch expert but he must be given very low marks on loyalty, and loyalty is the name of the game"; ergo, they should "let him bleed for a while at least." What these statements indicate is that neither Ehrlichman nor Haldeman understands the nature of loyalty. Both men are said to be utterly "loyal" to the President, but they could not be truly loyal to him without being loyal to something in themselves they respected more than their willingness to do his bidding. The loyal, as Josiah Royce pointed out years ago, "are brethren." Royce believed that the only way to be practically autonomous is to be freely loyal. By its nature, loyalty is protean; the loyal have many loyalties. Ehrlichman and Haldeman could not be loyal to the President while betraying friends and associates and subordinating every consideration to the service of his greater glory.

Rep. Wayne Hays, on the floor of the House, has said that Ehrlichman "acted like a Nazi," and that he "has the mentality of a Nazi," not because of his name and ethnic background but because "the old Nazi fervor was to tell the big lie and tell it over and over, and tell it often enough and long enough so that people would believe it." In his five days on camera, Ehrlichman set the Big Lie on its way and the brashness of his counterattack threw the committee momentarily off balance. How far it will travel and how widely it will be accepted remains to be seen. No doubt it will win wider acceptance among the Nixon constituency than in the decadent subculture of Washington, D. C., which so offends this self-righteous teetotaler's sense of family, church and folk. But the Big Lie is not likely to prevail. It is too improbable; it conflicts with too many facts, and with the sworn testimony of too many witnesses. Ehrlichman is not a Nazi but he is the stuff of which Nazis are made. His emergence on the national scene, at such a high level, must be regarded as a disturbing omen. No doubt he is a pleasant neighbor, a kind father, a loving husband, the kind of man who likes to take the family on hiking trips through tall timber. But his concept of friendship and its obligations would give deep offense to E. M. Forster; Josiah Royce would gag at his notion of loyalty. Young Herbert Porter could plead "fear of group pressure, that would ensue from not being a team player," when asked why he had not spoken out against the criminal behavior to which he had been a witness. But that plea is not available to Ehrlichman who, like Mitchell, thought the re-election of Richard Nixon warranted almost any act, no matter how despicable, if it would help achieve this end. This of course is the *Führer* principle.

* * *

The triumvirate of Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman has been disrupted for the moment, but they are linked together by bonds which history will not sever. Every day spawns some new theory to explain them, the most recent being Willie Morris' notion that the "confection and cosmos of Southern California" provides the answer. As an ex-Mississippian he may believe that residents of Southern California are "bereft of a place, and of the past," but that only means he knows more Confederate than California history. The unpalatable fact is that these men are not "sports"; they are not to be explained as products of some special subculture or sect or deviant trend. In a sense it is true that there are two contrasting cultures in America today, nor is it difficult to name the culture with which Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman identify, since they have made such a point of praising "the Silent Majority" that voted for Nixon and damning the rest of us. But that is merely a sidelight.

Present-day America produced the triumvirate and there is no blinking the fact that, for a moment in time, they held the numbers 1, 2 and 3 positions in the executive branch of the government, or that Nixon was elected by a landslide vote. If polls and spot surveys are to be believed a large section of his constituency, knowing the facts of Watergate, would probably vote for him again or, at least, favor his retention of the office. If it were not for this consideration, it would be possible to share with more confidence the current euphoric theory that Watergate is destined to revivify the democratic process and restore the ancestral political virtues. The bitter fact is that the character of a people—or of much of a people—can change over a period of time, if not permanently then for considerable periods. Hans Koning in *The Almost World* (1972) reminds us that in the 19th century France had at least on three occasions "seemed to become a new world; there was hope and daring then that Europe has long since lost. Each time those high expectations were got hold of by clever realist statesmen who let them down. The people were let down too many times. By the end of the same century, they were in the words of Jean Jaurès

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'full of doubt, lassitude, heavy defiance, and incomparable melancholy.'" Some weeks back, William V. Shannon made much the same point about Watergate: "A nation can probably only withstand so many shocks to its basic beliefs about itself before it passes some invisible breaking point and gives way to despair. F. Scott Fitzgerald, writing of individuals rather than of nations, observed: 'The manner remains intact long after the morale has cracked.'"

One may well doubt that this country has passed that invisible breaking point, but on the other hand one cannot be quite sure since the manner remains intact for some time after the morale has cracked. Not to register, in some formal fashion, an emphatic majority repudiation of the triumvirate that attempted to misuse and misdirect the great power and trust with which they were invested may well signal that the breaking point has been reached and passed.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Rizzo's Plumbers

A jim-dandy local Watergate scandal has surfaced in Philadelphia. Mayor Frank L. Rizzo, a Democrat, former police chief, who enthusiastically endorsed President Nixon for re-election, has set up a thirty-four-member special police unit which has been intensively investigating two political opponents, Democratic City Committee Chairman Peter J. Camiel and the City Council President, George X. Schwartz. The special police unit includes three full staff inspectors, five lieutenants and more than twenty-four detectives and policewomen. It has its own special headquarters and reports directly to Rizzo and his deputy mayor. The Mayor's action might be regarded as no more than a rather bizarre way to proceed with an investigation of alleged "corruption" of a character unspecified, were it not for the fact that the special unit has been investigating prominent Philadelphians who happen to be the Mayor's critics or find their names on his "enemies" list. For example, John R. Bunting, chairman of the First Pennsylvania Corp., and a leading citizen, told reporters from *The Washington Post* that he had been warned by four or five extremely well-placed individuals that the police were investigating him following a recent disagreement with the Mayor. Part of the special squad's assignment would seem to be working up material which might be used against Gov. Milton Shapp, should Rizzo decide to run for governor next year. Actually the investigation of the two Democratic leaders began almost immediately after Rizzo began feuding with them politically in April. The local American Civil Liberties Union has termed the special unit's existence "a serious misuse of law enforcement machinery to snoop on political opposition," and the Pennsylvania Crime Commission has gone to court to force city police officials to honor a subpoena for records which could reveal the activities of the special unit. Mayor Rizzo is perhaps the best known exponent of tough "law and order" police tactics, but the city's streets are less safe than when he moved into City Hall and the city now faces a serious fiscal crisis. It is not surprising that Watergate tactics should have surfaced in Philadelphia—an obsessive concern with "law and order" often goes hand in hand with political surveillance and espionage—but Mayor Rizzo has gone a step beyond the President in setting up a special investigation unit, recruited from the regular police force and financed by public funds. Spying on the political opposition is a dirty business when carried on by one party or candidate against the opposition party and candidate. But when police are assigned the task, it is time—so to speak—to blow the whistle, loud and clear.

Finale or Interlude?

With the thoughtfulness that usually characterizes its editorial wrap-ups on important issues, the Associated Press presents two interesting features, one by William L. Ryan, on the end of direct American involvement in Indochina on the eve of the August 15th deadline, and one by David M. Goldberg on the end of "anti-Communist" demagoguery in the United States. The two features are obviously interrelated.

To Mr. Ryan, this country is hauling down the last of its battle streamers in Indochina after "twelve painful years of war." It has done so not because it has prevailed but because of Congressional insistence and with stated Presidential reluctance. Mr. Ryan accepts the fact—if it proves to be a fact—that active American intervention, if not at an end, is "almost over." But his conclusions about the futility of the war are more emphatic. As to Laos and Cambodia—originally innocent bystanders—they are left "pretty much where they were in the 1960s with the big U. S. escalation." As for the Vietnams, North and South, their situation is "more complicated and their future more cloudy than ever." If the experience proves anything, it is that "patience is more potent than bombs." On any reasonable reckoning, the Communists got the better of the United States in all three areas. We intervened, so the decision makers said, because of "national interest," but now that the fighting has abated, one hears little of that. There was that talk about "falling dominoes" but that too seems to have disappeared. Ostensibly we had to intervene because otherwise the Soviet Union and/or China might take over but, as Mr. Ryan notes, we reached a détente with both powers before a cease-fire was negotiated with North Vietnam. And the costs? $200 billion or more, 46,000 Americans killed in combat, 10,000 more lost from noncombat forces, and hundreds of thousands wounded, not to mention civilian casualties. There is also the unsettled obligation for reparations. These were indeed "twelve futile, frustrating years."

Mr. Ryan's colleague, David M. Goldberg, tells us that we have now written finis to twenty-five years of anti-Communist demagoguery. For the first time since 1948, the Communist Party USA is "showing the face of the party," that is, membership cards are being issued. Almost everyone Mr. Goldberg interviewed seemed to feel that "the menace" has abated and some now conclude that it never existed. A John Birch Society spokesman is quoted as saying that "anti-communism" is no longer high on the agenda. The national commander of the American Legion has returned from a visit to Russia and Poland "glowing in praise . . . of veterans' facilities in

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these two countries." The Subversive Activities Control Board has finally ceased operations. The Internal Security Committee has not held an open hearing in two years. Clark Clifford acknowledged to Mr. Goldberg that he was a product of the cold war but had come to see that it was based on a "misjudgment of communism." To Leonard Boudin, the Vietnamese War, or rather, the opposition to the war, was the turning point. Alger Hiss, also interviewed, told Mr. Goldberg that he had to go to prison to meet a Communist. So it would seem that anti-Communist demagoguery—the war of Americans against Americans, which provided such an important motivation for our involvement in Indochina—Clark Clifford says he never doubted that "we had better do something . . . I thought we had Munich all over again"—has ended.

Significant as these editorial assessments are, it is still possible to entertain some reservations. On August 13 CBS presented a news sequence of a Marine battalion training at 29 Palms, Calif., on the Mojave Desert, temperature 103 degrees. The Marines were blazing away at some hypothetical enemy there in the sloping sand hills in the distance. "Why the desert?" asked Richard Wagner, the narrator. An officer explained that the Marines must be prepared to fight anywhere but that they had not had proper jungle training of the type needed to fight successfully in Indochina. So now they were training intensively for possible involvement in desert terrain. He did not need to say the Middle East. The energy crisis and the recent letter sent out by Standard Oil of California to its stockholders on the importance of giving more weight to Arab interests in American policy, made comment unnecessary. An Arab hoarding oil and gas is every bit as menacing as Communists appeared to be in 1948. True, preparation to fight in a particular region does not foreshadow involvement, but it does give rise to a general uneasiness. That the war appears to be winding down in Indochina does not mean that we have abandoned the role of being the world's policeman. And as we read Mr. Goldberg's appraisal, we learned that Rep. John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) has insisted that the Internal Security Committee hold hearings to determine whether Dr. Kissinger's protégé, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, ever leaked classified documents as a State Department employee. The charge has been sufficient to delay confirmation of Mr. Sonnenfeldt's appointment as Under Secretary of the Treasury. So it may be that neither war is over, in any definitive sense: the war against "Communists" in Indochina and the war against Americans suspected of being sympathetic to communism here at home. A safer conclusion is that both wars are winding down but that neither has ceased.

PLUMMERS' PLACE

JOHN BASKIN

Harveysburg, Ohio

The road drops away as if the earth below were weary of it, and there is the house, standing unchallenged on the valley floor and older than most of the forest around it. Seven years ago, when the Plummers moved in, there was a bird in the closet, a snakeskin in the attic, and mouse skeletons everywhere.

The history of the house is shadowy: was it built by old Levi Lukens? How many generations of Carrs lived there afterward? The Plummers knew only this much: it was built in 1839, and years later William Carr paid the taxes on it by donating gravel for the county roads.

The rooms of the house are as wide as a country welcome. More than 100 years ago, the bricks of its deep walls were made at the creek, near the peeling sycamores. The walls stand firm; hardwood floors remain plumb. Stairs narrow upward to a widow's walk, overlooking the bottom lands where deer from the woods often graze. Older visitors to the house remember ice-cream socials on the large upstairs porch, under yellow lantern light.

When Alma and Roger Plummer found the house, it was surrounded by weeds, neglected. Alma loved it. Soon she was laying bathroom tile, investing herself in the place. When the United States Army Corps of Engineers condemned the house to put 70 feet of water in the lowland, Roger told her not to worry. "I'll build you a fine house," he said.

"I won't live in your house," she answered. "I wanted this one; an old one."

When the water rises to cover the Plummer place, it will be known as Caesar Creek Lake, a $30 million, 2,800-acre reservoir built by the Army Corps of Engineers in southwest Ohio farming country. Originally planned for flood control, the project was expanded after a cost-benefit analysis—the corps' questionable method of project justification—to include recreation for the Greater Cincinnati-Dayton metropolitan area. The dam is scheduled for completion in September 1974; flooding will follow a year later. Project acquisitions displace the Plummers, some 200 other families, including the entire village of New Burlington, located 15 miles upstream at the lake's upper extremities.

The corps appraised the Plummer place, with its 150 bottom-land acres, in the spring of 1967. Three years later, it made the Plummers an offer of $56,000. There was no breakdown between land and buildings. The corps refused to give one. The value of the house could have been anything. "It's so old," corps appraisers told the Plummers, "that it's depreciated to nothing. . . ."

Alma Plummer became angrier by degrees. One night before the appraisers were to return, Roger said, "Now, Mother, tomorrow, why don't you just listen?" She said,

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John Baskin, a 1973 Alicia Patterson Foundation fellow, is completing a book about the death of a small Ohio farming village.

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"I'll try, but if it's another lousy offer, it's hard to tell what I'll say."

It was what Alma Plummer considered "another lousy offer," and she hasn't been quiet since. Her anger is a geometric progression. She told friends, "I'm no longer a housewife; I'm an army fighter." At the county fair, when friends were wearing "Silent Majority" buttons, she refused to wear one. "I used to be," she said. "I'm not any more."

After she became what she calls an "army fighter," Alma Plummer organized meetings, involved her Congressman, crashed a local television show to collar Ralph Nader, flew to Washington—her first plane trip—to register her protest on the floors of both Senate and House, and designed a bumper sticker.

If it seemed heterodox behavior for a farm girl from the nearby deeply conservative rural community of Blanchester, a woman who once worked contentedly in that institutional seat of armed services technology—Wright Patterson Air Force Base—then it is necessary to understand what icons had been tumbled into the same dirt which corps appraisers were attempting to buy for $373 an acre—worth roughly $600 an acre on the open market.

Two large events were discernible. One was physical and therefore could be documented. The other developed in the unmarked and ambiguous area of public morality and could only be speculated upon. Inflation was a physical event, and the engineers caused it. With them came land speculators, eying generational farmlands as lake-access lots. What this meant to the country people who wished to remain in the communities of their ancestry was that land prices very quickly nearly doubled. Promising "fair replacement value," the corps appraised on the basis of the land's farming history and not on that of the commercial market that the corps itself had just created. This discrepancy meant the people were *not* getting fair replacement value.

The other event was more subtle and possibly more disturbing, because it lay outside comfortably known reference points. The Plummers, like most of the Caesar Creek people, were true believers in the image of their government as benevolent uncle, stern in the face of adversity, yet gentle and compassionate to the needs of the least of the citizenry. When the corps arrived in Caesar Creek, it was some time before the people began to perceive the small deceits, evasions and documented falsehoods that characterized its way of doing business. While it did not seem to be *illegal*, such bureaucratic legerdemain called forth those questions of morality that lie just outside the *stated* law.

For the Plummers, that was what began to destroy their belief in the infallibility of government. "I just lost hope," says Alma Plummer, "and my innocence. All the power was on one side; we had nothing. I used to be quiet as a mouse, and I never thought I'd protest any government policy. Then I found I *was* a protester. But I'll tell you this: I'll take more notice of how I vote from now on than I have in the last seventeen years. Things do not change with waiting for John and Joe to do it. There aren't any Johns and Joes. . . ."

If there was one major catalyst to the awakening of Alma Plummer, it occurred on the particular afternoon of one of many visits by corps appraisers. "He leaned against his car out there in the yard and said, 'Come on, Mrs. Plummer. Nobody wants to live down here in the boondocks.' That sent a streak of fire through me. The arrogance! I told him not to set foot on this green grass again. And I used to tremble out of fear when that car drove up with the little writing on the door."

Alma Plummer's first protest was to her Congressman, Republican Walter Powell. In May of 1971, Powell drove out to the Plummer place and met with 100 property owners who crowded the broad expanse of Plummer lawn and expressed their frustration at corps policy. Powell responded by carrying the complaints personally to the head of the corps in Washington. He called a public meeting so that the people of Caesar Creek could confront corps officials. The Plummers credit him with expediting condemnation proceedings on their farm. It can be said for Powell that he was not trying to gain votes—at least in the Caesar Creek area—because it had been redistricted away from him. That he accomplished much else is doubtful, because politicians who have tried to draw lines of authority governing corps policy have never accomplished much against the powerful, pork-barrel-oriented engineers.

The corps, meanwhile, continued to negotiate with the Plummers. The Plummers counted nine offers. "What is an offer?" asked Mrs. Plummer. "He comes and talks awhile at one price and before he leaves he adds another $2,000. Is that an offer?" When Col. John Rhett of the corps' Louisville office showed up at the public meeting at the local high school in the summer of 1971, the Plummers met him at the door and asked for a condemnation. "We asked him," said Mrs. Plummer, 'how long does it take?' He said, 'I'll pull your file first thing Monday morning.' "

In August, the Plummers talked with Earl Murphy, in charge of the corps' Lebanon office. "He didn't like for us to ask for anything," remembers Alma Plummer. "He said he didn't have to show a breakdown on our property, just the total amount. He said, 'Let me tell you, there's nothing any of you can ever say or do to make any difference.' He said that to us."

In October, the Plummer place was finally condemned. "Final" government offer: $61,400—$409.33 an acre. The corps average for farmland over the last four years had been $548 an acre. Open market sales within a 10-mile area of the lake project during the first eight months of 1971 were about $900. When the Plummers began their search for farmland, they found nothing under $1,000 an acre until they reached the twenty-fifth farm. It was $800 an acre, with no buildings and no fences.

"All we wanted was a farm to replace the one we had. We said we'd take $600 an acre. We thought that was fair. But that was when they first came, and they waited so long, and prices went up and up. We said to ourselves we'd be content with half as many acres, with a livable house, a barn for the horses. We searched three years. I ran the wheels off a 1967 Falcon. I found there was no comparable land."

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In May 1972, Alma Plummer carefully recorded the discontent of the Caesar Creek people and flew to Washington to protest corps policy before the Senate and the House. She requested that the committees on Public Works Appropriations delete the corps' construction budget for the fiscal year, while corps land procurement policies were investigated.

She spoke of mean-spirited bureaucratic arrogance and defined loss in pragmatic terms: of displaced families and old people sent to rest homes and the side rooms of their daughters' houses, of demolished ancestral home places and historic sites, and the wreckage of the unusual ecology of Caesar Creek itself. "Even graveyards," she said. "You're not even safe from the Corps of Engineers when you're dead."

There were no ears for Alma Plummer that day. In the Senate was one Senator; in the House, three Representatives. The money was not deleted. She came home tired, discouraged. In November she committed the ultimate radical act in that traditional Republican farming county: she cast a vote for George McGovern.

In September 1973, their time is up at the farm. The farm the Plummers finally found is 6 miles away, near an interstate intersection. The 97.7 acres cost $98,000. Two of the rooms in the old farmhouse have no electricity; there is no furnace. The first estimate for renovation was $17,000. The Plummers think that by doing much of it themselves—the way they did at the place the corps took—they can do it for $8,000. Fences for the stock will add another $1,000.

Along with several other families, the Plummers are headed into court against the corps. They figure that with losses already high, they cannot lose anything more. Since condemnation, the corps has boosted its price for the Plummer place to $75,000. Now that the Plummers have a lawyer, he gets one-third of any increase. At their pretrial hearing, the Plummers paid a local appraiser $105 for seven hours of his time, although he did not testify. They also paid $505 for three private appraisals of this farm (they averaged $120,000).

Alma Plummer believes that Caesar Creek Lake is a project prompted not by flood control but by business and land speculation, and that if flood control *were* the issue, the flood plain would be adequately protected by a dry dam system such as the one which has guarded Dayton since the disastrous 1913 flood.

But her main indignation centers on "fair replacement value" and the corps' land procurement policies. "Just by saying 'court,' we got another $14,000," she says. "There is nothing fair about that to us, or to the ones who accepted the corps' first offer in good faith. They tell us a jury trial takes a long time. We say, 'What's another six years?' "

She stands in the yard of the Plummer place, stretching out to pasture where Miracle Jodi, the filly named after their young daughter, grazes. Her face is solemn in the fading afternoon light. "We live on a dead-end road. We have a spring on the hill and pressure by gravity. When the mare and her foal got out, they wandered in the yard and never went over the hill. There isn't any traffic anyway. And the house. My house. But to the corps, all these things counted against us. They are the reasons we live here. But they cannot be negotiated."

The bulldozers groan at the dam site a mile and a half away. Alma Plummer can sometimes hear them. They are a specific counterpoint to her long and continuing protest. □

WASHINGTON vs. STOCKHOLM

COLD WAR ON SWEDEN

ROBERT SKOLE

Stockholm

If it did not have the tragic background of Vietnam, the current White House "cold war" on Sweden would be pure comedy. Now peace is supposed to have come to Vietnam, but in Sweden the cold war continues and, from the looks of things, will continue at least until after the parliamentary elections on September 16.

At this writing, there is general agreement among politicians that the election will be close. There is a chance that the Social Democrats, in power for forty-one years, will lose, and that a non-Socialist coalition will try to form a government. If that happens, if Prime Minister Olof Palme and his party go down, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger will be delighted.

Palme and the Swedish Government have felt the full weight of the Nixon-Kissinger wrath—short of a complete break in diplomatic relations, or a few flights of B-52s. Palme has insisted for years that Sweden, as a free, independent nation, has every right to voice its opinion of international affairs, even if it meant criticizing American behavior in Indochina.

But what had really the greatest effect on Nixon and Kissinger was Palme's statement last Christmas, describing the bombings of Hanoi as "a form of torture" and relating them to earlier notorious atrocities. The President and his adviser, according to reports from Washington, went into a rage, and Kissinger set aside his Vietnamese peace activities to work out details of how to handle Palme and

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Sweden. This move climaxed years of Washington's incompetence with regard to Sweden.

Given what we now know about channels of communication in the White House, one might guess that Nixon concentrated his rage on Sweden because he didn't know that most of the world was protesting the Christmas bombings. Stevedores in Australia stopped unloading American ships; Danish trade unions urged a European boycott; Brezhnev thundered a condemnation that made Palme sound mild; Finland announced it would recognize North Vietnam, adding that the bombings had hastened this decision. Governments all over the world—silent for years—gave voice.

But it was on Palme and Sweden that the White House retaliated—in part, at least, because a long history of bungled diplomacy set the stage for this latest American cold war. Back in the early 1960s, Sweden got its first reports of the war in Vietnam and America's increasing role in it. Most Swedes were deeply disturbed, for America has always been very close to Sweden.

In the 1960s Sweden was the United States' best customer on a per capita basis, importing for a while twice as much as it exported. A believer in free trade, with very low tariffs and almost no import restrictions, Sweden has long been one of America's staunchest supporters on world trade issues.

But the war in Vietnam grew uglier. The first Swedish protests were voiced in 1964, when banners to that effect were carried in the Social Democratic Party May Day parades, and Swedish journalists started to cover the war. Reports by Sven Oste, today foreign editor of *Dagens Nyheter,* the largest morning daily, told of outrages and crimes and of the madness and futility of the war. At that time, most American newspapers were only running victory stories spoon-fed by Pentagon public relations men in Saigon. The late Victor Vinde, a specialist on France and the Algerian War, and editor of one of the largest Social Democratic papers, was the first Western journalist to report from North Vietnam after President Johnson launched his bombings. Undoubtedly, Swedish press coverage did much to create broad knowledge of and concern over what was happening.

The first official Swedish criticism of the war came from Olof Palme, then communications minister, in a speech on July 30, 1965, in the town of Gävle. Palme says that when he was preparing that speech, he took out an old manuscript that he had saved since 1953, when he had returned from a three-month trip to Southeast Asia. "It was possible to say almost exactly the same things twelve years later, but about the United States instead of France." The theme was that it is folly to believe that demands for social justice can be met by military means; and folly to suppose that deeply rooted national liberation movements can be stopped.

As the war escalated, so did Swedish criticism, and the State Department committed its first blunders. It made not the slightest effort to understand Swedes or Swedish politics or Swedish "neutrality." For years, U.S. Embassy officials were to tell journalists (and undoubtedly report officially back to Washington) that the Swedish criticism of the war was prompted only by a desire to appease "leftists" within the Social Democratic Party, and that demonstrations against the war were the actions of wild, long-haired radicals.

With the slightest amount of insight, they would have realized that politically it would have been much safer for Palme and the party to ignore the war, to cop out in the name of Swedish neutrality. The "leftists" in the party were not a major factor when it came to elections; speaking out incurred the risk of alienating the great majority of the party, which was conservative and friendly toward America.

America's ambassador to Stockholm at that time was Graham Parsons, sometimes described as being the model for the ambassador in *The Ugly American.* Parsons had been an ambassador in Southeast Asia, became involved in a diplomatic fiasco there in the 1950s, and was promoted to head the Far East desk at the State Department. President Kennedy named him to Stockholm in 1961. Parsons never really studied Sweden nor learned about Swedes. He didn't even bother to learn Swedish, although he was in Stockholm six years. He never got to know Palme, who was assistant to Prime Minister Tage Erlander, had been a member of the cabinet since 1963, and was even then talked of as a possible successor to Erlander.

Palme was one of the few up and coming European leaders who had close personal contacts with the United States. He had been an exchange student at Kenyon College in 1948 and received there a bachelor of arts degree. After graduation he spent three months hitchhiking around the United States. Palme often speaks of that year in the United States. "It was a great year," he has told me. "I worked hard, but didn't get bogged down in studies. I was very interested in American society in general. I used to know more about the voting records of American Senators than of Swedish politicians. It was the time of Truman's Fair Deal. The ADA was blossoming. I found very much in American left-wing liberalism that was inspiring. It definitely did influence me."

Palme also says that his hitchhiking trip opened his eyes to an entirely new world—one of poverty and great social differences—and confirmed his beliefs in social democracy. Given his family background, that was quite a swing: Palme comes from an upper-middle-class conservative family.

Against this background, the speech of 1965 in Gävle and the subsequent years of protests should have come as no surprise, even in view of Swedish "neutrality." This question of "neutrality" is something that Washington has never understood, since it appears to believe that Sweden can maintain its position only by suppressing its opinions. However, in the 1950s, when Sweden was sharply critical of the Soviet Union in regard to events in Eastern Europe, nobody in Washington raised the point that Sweden was not "neutral."

Olof Palme, in a May Day speech in 1968, put it this way:

> We decide the Swedish policy of neutrality ourselves. Its purport is freedom from alliances in peace, aiming at neutrality in case of war. Therefore we do not

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join any military alliances, do not connect ourselves with any power bloc. Through firmness and consistency, we must create confidence in our ability to stand firm at our chosen line of action, confidence in our will not to give way to pressures from any foreign power. The policy of neutrality implies no aspiration to isolation. Our chances of influencing the future of the world are small. But this does not diminish the responsibility of a small nation to work for peace and reconciliation between peoples, to work for democracy and social justice.

The policy of neutrality does not sentence us to silence. Silence may be the ally of injury. Silence may be experienced as the support of reaction. We must have the right to maintain the ideals of freedom and community for mankind, of solidarity and justice, to maintain them even toward the world around us.

The basic concept here, of course, is found in the words "freedom from alliances in peace, aiming at neutrality in case of war." But what is war? Korea? Sweden did not send troops, but supplied hospitals and medical personnel to the U.N. side. The Congo? Sweden sent troops, as part of the U.N. force. Cyprus? Gaza? Again, Swedish troops took part in U.N. peacekeeping efforts.

As for Vietnam, when Palme made his first speech no one was calling it a war there, and he was criticizing the United States for involving its military in a foreign internal conflict, just as he was to criticize the Soviet Union for involving itself in Czechoslovakia and earlier in Hungary.

Actually, as a "neutral," Sweden got involved in the mid-1960s in an attempt to start a dialogue between the United States and North Vietnam. This is little known in the United States, and today neither Palme nor Torsten Nilsson, then foreign minister, will give full details. Only a handful of top government people in Stockholm knew about the effort.

By the time the war had reached its peak, it was clear to most everyone, except the State Department, that "neutrality" would not bind Sweden to silence. As its comments became more harsh, the Administration and most of the American press equated it with Swedish "anti-Americanism." Palme for years had stressed the point that his criticism was prompted in large part because he was in sympathy with and a staunch supporter of American democratic ideals. In my very first long interview with him, he said repeatedly: "We are against the American war in Vietnam—but we are not anti-American." He also pointed out at that time that most of the Swedish anti-war arguments were taken from the U.S. debate. "We are saying what Senators Fulbright, McGovern, McCarthy and Robert Kennedy are saying and have said," he told me. "You can't be anti-American when you are saying what the majority of Americans are saying." Palme also noted that Senator Fulbright inserted in the *Congressional Record* the speech he made at an anti-war demonstration in 1968 (the occasion had received much attention because Palme marched alongside the North Vietnamese Ambassador to Moscow).

Washington's complete failure to understand Swedish policies and traditions was illustrated by its reaction when Sweden granted asylum to American deserters. Although a few deserters had already arrived quietly, the first to get public attention were a group of five who came in 1968 via Japan and the Soviet Union. By the time Sweden recognized Hanoi in 1969, there were close to 200 deserters; today there are roughly 450. Granting asylum to deserters is an old Swedish custom. And Palme has pointed out that it is also in line with the U.S.-Swedish extradition treaty.

He also recalled that, whereas Sweden took in a few hundred American deserters, it has made welcome tens of thousands of refugees and deserters from Eastern Europe. That, of course, cut no ice in Washington. State Department spokesman Robert McCloskey told the press in 1969 that the United States "regrets that Sweden has allowed absentees from American service to remain"—which is to say that the United States regrets that Sweden lives up to a treaty it has with the United States.

Unlike the East European countries—which generally ignore and forget about defectors who flee to Sweden—the deserter issue became so emotional in Washington that the government lost any semblance of dignity and, in a comedy-thriller sequence dispatched a mysterious undercover type, posing as a journalist, to try to lure deserters from Sweden. The plot was uncovered by the newspapers and the U.S. Embassy became a laughingstock, which was perhaps worse for the American officials there than dozens of demonstrations.

After Graham Parsons left Sweden in 1967, President Johnson named as his ambassador a Texas crony who made Parsons look like a polished, worldly statesman. He was the late William Heath, a Texas businessman and banker, who endeared himself to Sweden even before he left the United States when he said in a TV interview, "No, I've never been in Sweden—but I did look at it once, across the sound from Denmark. Some of my best friends are Swedes. . . . Now there's the Mayor of Austin, he's a Swede. . . ."

Heath's stay in Stockholm was short; he was ambassador about eighteen months, but for much of that time he was back in Washington for "consultations" when one or another Swedish protest upset the State Department. During his stay in Stockholm he spoke out in blunt undiplomatic Texasese, criticizing Sweden and the Swedish protests against the war. He was called back to Washington after Palme had marched with the North Vietnamese Ambassador on February 28, 1968.

Naturally, Washington did not listen to what Palme said at the demonstration (which incidentally was not held at the U.S. Embassy, as is often incorrectly reported). Reading that speech today is a depressing experience, for Palme warned of the total madness and horror of a war which, five years later, was still in progress. One line should be noted: "The ideals of democracy cannot be attained by means of oppression."

Sweden's recognition of North Vietnam on January 10, 1969 was the next blow to Washington's equilibrium. United Press International reported that day from Paris that "high diplomatic sources" said that the Swedish recognition move "may soon be followed by other capitals in Scandinavia and possibly elsewhere." As frequently happens, the high diplomatic sources were badly informed: Sweden remained the sole non-Communist nation to recognize Hanoi for another four years.

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Olof Palme

The Swedish Government took its next major step in the autumn of 1969 when Foreign Minister Nilsson announced an expanded aid program to North Vietnam. The announcement was made at the same Social Democratic congress, in September, which elected Palme to succeed Tage Erlander. Unfortunately, Nilsson's description of the aid program was not very clear. Sweden had previously given North Vietnam several million dollars worth of "humanitarian" aid—medicine, milk products, schoolbook paper and hospital equipment—without any American reaction. Now, Nilsson named a figure of 200 million kroner—$40 million, later raised to 250 million kroner, or $50 million. The aid program was later defined as being of two types: immediate humanitarian aid and postwar reconstruction aid.

The aid announcement got much attention in the United States. In addition to criticism from Washington and a boycott threat by East Coast longshoremen, the Export-Import Bank passed along word that it was studying the situation to see if credits to Sweden were legal, now that Sweden was "aiding the enemy." This threat provoked a strong reaction from the Swedish press and businessmen, who did not realize that almost all the credits were to help Scandinavian Airlines System buy Boeing and Douglas passenger aircraft. Killing aircraft sales by American companies was hardly likely—and the Export-Import Bank quickly dropped any such thoughts.

Although America is a relatively small market for Sweden (taking roughly 6 per cent of its exports), it is an important customer for many large industries, among them autos, machinery and steel. Some Swedish companies claimed in 1969 that they had lost orders in America because of Palme's criticism, but this was never proved. If anything, the criticism helped Swedish exports, which continued to climb. In 1972, for the first time in memory, Sweden exported more to the United States than it bought. In all the years of protest there was never a real boycott of American goods, although anti-war groups urged it. The failure of America to retain its markets here is further indication that the United States is losing its edge to the superior technology and lower prices of Europeans and the Japanese.

President Nixon took his time about naming a new ambassador to Stockholm, delaying until January 12, 1970. It was then announced that Jerome Holland, president of Hampton Institute, would be the new envoy. The naming of Holland, a black, was a scheme worthy of Nixon and Kissinger. He was completely unknown—except to those who recalled his being an all-American end at Cornell in the 1930s. He was not a Republican. (He wasn't even a Democrat; he was nonpolitical.) He had no close ties to Nixon. His value to Nixon was his color. If the Swedes halted anti-war demonstrations out of respect for a black man (and they were known to be sympathetic to American blacks), then a thorn would be removed from Nixon's side. If demonstrations continued, racism could be invoked to Sweden's disadvantage.

Holland should have suspected something was fishy when he boarded the plane for Sweden at Dulles Airport on April 14, 1970 and not one State Department official was on hand to see him off. The only person there was the Swedish Ambassador to Washington, Hubert de Besche. Holland himself lugged a heavy load of winter clothing for his family onto the aircraft bus and onto the plane. The State Department did not even supply him with a porter. (I know all this because I happened to be taking the same plane.)

As Holland stepped off the plane at Arlanda Airport in Stockholm, a university student who had mingled with the journalists, shouted, "Go home, murderer—you are not wanted here." Holland was hustled to a waiting car, which took a back road to get to the highway to the city. He never saw a group of demonstrators outside the terminal building. One of those demonstrators was Sherman Adams, a black American who had lived in Sweden for some years and was active in anti-war and black causes. Adams carried a sign saying, "House Nigger, go home."

Several days later, when Holland was on his way to the Royal Palace to present his credentials to the King, there was another demonstration. As one U.S. Embassy car, containing military attachés passed by, Adams shouted, "Murderers! Where is your House Nigger?" Wire services, picking up stories from the Swedish press, which got its information from U.S. Embassy sources, reported that Swedish demonstrators had shouted "nigger"

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at Holland. The story was printed all over America.

The next day, Holland told the press that being called "nigger" was a "blow below the belt." He added that he had not heard the demeaning word in years, except from the most racist groups in America. The Swedish Foreign Ministry and Stockholm police made a thorough investigation of the incident. They could find no evidence that demonstrators had called "nigger" at Holland, and they checked all radio and TV on-the-scene recordings. Indeed, they could find no witnesses who had heard such a shout.

Sherman Adams then spoke up, telling the press that it was he alone who had called out, asking for the "house nigger," but that he never was near Holland. A few days later, after the opening of the new U.S. Cultural Center, there were more reports of "nigger" being shouted, but again, no witness could be found.

Holland had hardly unpacked his bags before he went off traveling. He went around the country at such a pace that it greatly annoyed the Swedish Foreign Ministry as well as members of the diplomatic corps. There was little doubt that his extensive traveling—before he had completed the protocol visits to officials and diplomats in Stockholm—was an important element of the Washington strategy. Again, any demonstrations against him would damage the Swedish protest cause.

Of course, there were demonstrations—advance word of his schedule always seemed to leak out, and protesters in each city or town were prepared. In one, some youths threw eggs at Holland's car. (Arrests were made, and in the drawn-out trial, the moral situation was boiled down to a phrase: eggs vs. napalm.)

That Cultural Center was presented as part of a program to "expose" the "good side" of the United States, but some in Stockholm are convinced that it was deliberate provocation. For years, the USIS had run a "library" on an upper floor of a downtown building. Now, in 1970, they opened the "U.S. Cultural Center" in a former supermarket, not far from many Stockholm University buildings. This center, larger than the old library, was in a ground-floor corner site, with large plate glass windows which were broken within a week of the opening.

On his travels from one end of Sweden to another, Holland seemed determined to visit every American-owned plant in the country. When he was about to arrive, management would shift workers known to be active in anti-war groups to jobs well away from Holland's path. Such precautions always got reported in the papers. The Ambassador was extremely careful whom he met. He refused point blank to meet representatives of anti-war groups, one of the largest of which was headed by Gunnar Myrdal, author of the classic study of race relations, *An American Dilemma*. Holland declined an invitation to the annual meeting of students of the Stockholm School of Business Administration. In general, he avoided meeting university students, except when they represented conservative groups.

In a short time, Holland built up a myth that he was out there, getting to know the Swedish people, making friends. Naturally, he met only conservative businessmen, conservative politicians, or simply polite Swedes who knew it was useless to try to discuss serious world questions with him. About six months after his arrival, *The New York Times* (October 29, 1970) reported that U.S. Embassy officials said, "Because Ambassador Holland is black, the issue of race has lost a lot of impact here. He's an outgoing, articulate ambassador . . . and it's very difficult to stir up a big demonstration against him because he's an American. It just doesn't go."

Before Holland left for home in August 1972, the Foreign Ministry gave him a luncheon. Prime Minister Palme was there. Holland talked of fishing, nature, friendly people—but did not mention anything of substance. Undoubtedly, Swedes were sympathetic toward him, knowing that his job was tough. On his return to the United States, he was appointed a director of the New York Stock Exchange and has been named to the boards of half a dozen large corporations—to represent black interests. When Holland accepted the Stockholm post, many Swedes wondered why an apparently intelligent man, not a politician or Nixon pal, would let himself be hooked into this unpleasant, unrewarding position.

Before Holland's arrival, Palme had accepted an invitation to speak at the June 1972 commencement of his alma mater, Kenyon College. When he got to the United States, on what was a private visit, the White House chose to ignore him. But Ohio trade union leaders did not ignore him; they rounded up a few dozen hardhats, half of them black, to picket Palme at Kenyon. They carried signs calling Palme a racist—a reference to the "house nigger" incidents.

In view of the Watergate shenanigans, it would be interesting to find out who was behind the anti-Palme demonstrations, and where the money came from to pay the pickets. (Interviewed by Swedish reporters at the scene, the pickets had only the foggiest idea of why they were commandeered, other than that they got paid and were told the Swedes had called Holland a "nigger.")

During 1970, Palme and his Foreign Ministry were operating something of a mail service—conveying letters from kin of American prisoners to the North Vietnamese Embassy in Stockholm. As much as Palme abhorred the war and the American bombings, I have never heard him express anything but sympathy for all the victims—including American POWs and their relatives.

Twice, Palme got lists of prisoners' names from Hanoi. He carried one list with him to a Nobel banquet (December 10, 1970) and released news about it very late that night, after being informed by the Swedish Embassy in Washington that the relatives of those listed had been notified. The Pentagon immediately said that there was nothing new in the lists, but a number of relatives pointed out this was the first official word they had gotten. Grudgingly, the Pentagon eventually said that it appreciated the Swedish help.

Palme made a second visit to the United States, this time to speak at the General Assembly on the occasion of the U.N.'s twenty-fifth anniversary. For reasons never made clear—I imagine it was sheer curiosity, perhaps even an attempt to improve relations—Palme on this trip accepted a White House invitation to a dinner for

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heads of government attending the U.N. session. This was the dinner that Mr. Nixon threw in an obvious attempt to upstage U Thant, who was holding an anniversary dinner that same night. Palme got to shake hands with Nixon, but they had no conversation, except that Nixon muttered something about boxing or football as Palme was going along the reception line.

The dinner was a waste of time but the trip was not. Palme delivered a speech at the U.N. that got much attention among the small nations, including those in Eastern Europe. He spoke out on the right of small nations to take a stand on world affairs, and warned of "superpower peace," whereby the small nations were sacrificed in the power plays of the great.

In this context, it should be noted that Palme and Sweden have been very critical of the Soviet Union and Communist regimes. Indeed the largest demonstration in Swedish history was a Stockholm protest against the occupation of Prague in 1968. And the regime of North Vietnam has been described as being of an authoritarian type that Sweden deplores. Whether Communists are more realistic or less sensitive than Americans may be a question, but the fact is that after such protests or criticisms, they did not call home their ambassadors nor order up counterattacks.

One of the American counterattacks, directed straight from the White House, came during the big U.N. environment conference in Stockholm last year. It was widely known that Sweden would raise the question of "ecological warfare," thereby criticizing one of the American operations in Vietnam. In fact, several days before the conference opened, I asked at a Japanese delegation press conference if Japan would support Sweden in a resolution on the issue. Nevertheless, when Palme spoke of war and ecology—without naming Vietnam or the United States—in his address of welcome, he apparently caught the American contingent completely off guard.

Leaders of the U.S. delegation ignored the statement —for a day. Then they got instructions from Washington and next day issued a condemnation of the Palme statement as being irrelevant to environment.

Palme's next provocation of the imperial White House was on the matter of the Christmas 1972 bombings. The Swedish Foreign Ministry in Stockholm could listen to the explosions during the daily radio contact with Ambassador Oberg in Hanoi. The Bach Mai Hospital, partly equipped by Sweden, was severely damaged. Palme sat at his kitchen table on the night of December 23 and penned the following statement, which he read over the radio the next day:

> Things should be called by their proper name. What happens today in Vietnam is a form of torture. There can be no military motives for the bombings. Military spokesmen in Saigon have denied that there is any step-up of military activity on the part of the North Vietnamese. Nor could it be Vietnamese obstinacy at the negotiation table. Resistance against the October agreement in Paris comes primarily—as was pointed out by *The New York Times*—from President Thieu in Saigon.
>
> What is being done is that people are being tormented, that a nation is being tormented, to humiliate them, to force them to submit to the language of force. This is why the bombings are an outrage. There are many outrages of this kind in modern history. They are often connected with names—Guernica, Oradour, Babi Yar, Katyn, Lidice, Sharpeville, Treblinka. Violence has triumphed. But the judgment of history has been hard on those who carried the responsibility. Now there is one more name to add to the list—Hanoi, Christmas 1972.

The Nixon Administration's reaction to this affront was revealed by *Veckans Affärer*, a respected Swedish business weekly that is known for its accuracy, excellent sources and friendliness toward the United States. In a story in May from Washington, the magazine reported that when the Reuters account of the Palme speech came over the wires to Key Biscayne, Henry Kissinger and Maj. Gen. Alexander Haig "blew up!," to quote a U.S. official. Kissinger carried the story to Nixon, and the source said that the President cursed, and took the statement as a personal insult. He said to Kissinger: "Don't let Palme get away with this one." Kissinger told subordinates that the President added he was not "going to take more of this nonsense from a man who postures as a neutral."

The U.S. official was quoted further as saying that Kissinger acted "very much un-Metternich." Not even waiting for the official translation or a complete text of the Palme statement, but operating on the basis of the wire service summary, the President's foreign adviser worked out a scheme of retaliation. First, there would be no exchange of ambassadors, and the U.S. chargé d'affaires, home for Christmas, was ordered not to return to his post. This left Arthur Olsen, the number-three man at the embassy, in charge. Mr. Olsen, formerly with *The New York Times*, reported to the Administration that Swedish officials had said that Kissinger would not be welcome at an international conference being held in Stockholm. This was the so-called Bilderburg Conference, at which top international businessmen and some leading politicians got together for a few days to talk off the record. Actually, Olsen had been told that Kissinger would be welcome, but not on the terms Kissinger insisted upon: that he would not talk to Palme or to Foreign Minister Christer Wickman, who would be at the same meeting. Kissinger wanted an advance guarantee that he could snub his official hosts!

Kissinger decided to skip the conference. Later, a leader of the ultra-rightist Swedish group known as the Democratic Alliance claimed its members had bombarded Kissinger with letters urging him not to come to Sweden, lest his presence at the meeting help Palme in the coming parliamentary election. The Democratic Alliance is the only group in Sweden to have supported the escalation of American bombings in Vietnam. Even the Conservative Party, long a staunch supporter of the United States, could stomach it no longer, and joined with the other political parties last Christmas in a joint campaign to get names on a petition urging a bomb halt and the signing of the peace treaty. The petitions collected 2.8 million names—one-third of the entire nation.

Late in 1972, the White House announced that the newly appointed Swedish Ambassador to Washington, Yngve Möller, was "unwelcome at the present time." He

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was supposed to take up the post in January. Möller, a lifelong Social Democrat, a long-time member of parliament, and for years editor of a leading Social Democratic newspaper, would have been an excellent ambassador to Washington. Not surprisingly, the Swedish Government and Möller got tired of waiting for Washington to simmer down. In June, Möller was named ambassador to Oslo.

Palme's December 23rd statement got so much attention, and reaction, that a personal message he sent to President Nixon the following day, on Christmas Eve, has generally been ignored. In this, he attempted to clarify directly to Nixon his fears about the future of democracy. The message read:

> On this Christmas Eve I feel the deepest distress over the human suffering that continues in Vietnam. Many times in the past people all around the world have looked to the United States for moral authority and leadership in the fight for peace and in the protection of fundamental human values. Personally I am deeply indebted for the inspiration that American ideals of democracy have given me. The Vietnam war, as it has developed, has just because of this created sorrow and disappointment, feelings that I know to be shared by millions of people in Sweden and in other countries. Such reactions are particularly strong among young people and involve the risk that they will lose faith in democracy and democratic values.
>
> On this day when people gather to express their longing for peace I wish with utmost sincerity to urge the President of the United States to cease the bombings which cause so much suffering and destruction, and to renew the efforts to find a negotiated settlement which assures the rights of the Vietnamese to form their own future.

This message was brought to the State Department by Ambassador de Besche, who was called to State to receive a protest based on the wire service reports of the Palme statement. De Besche requested that the Americans wait for the full text, but they were in too much of a hurry. However, de Besche was instructed by Stockholm to deliver the full text anyhow—along with the personal message from Palme to Nixon.

The State Department has leaked word that it will wait for some kind of apology from Palme and Sweden. This shows, once again, the total lack of understanding in Washington of the proud, stubborn Swedish character and the feeling about the war protests. But one cannot really expect much from a State Department whose Swedish desk is headed by an "expert" who can't even read Swedish—much less speak or understand it.

Along with the President, Kissinger feels personally insulted by the Christmas bombing statement. He has told actress Liv Ullmann—a Norwegian who has played in a number of Ingmar Bergman films—that Palme called him a Nazi. He told her this hurt him, since he is a Jew who escaped from Germany. Miss Ullmann relayed the comment to Norwegian journalists.

Palme has continued to condemn the U.S. role in the war. On May Day this year, he sharply criticized the bombings of Cambodia, and included some statements similar to those he used back in his 1965 speech on the U.S. war in Indochina. That same day, Minister for Disarmaments, Alva Myrdal, wife of Gunnar Myrdal, used even stronger language. She raised the question of whether "we are on the way into an epoch that cannot bear any other name than that of the new barbarians."

Some weeks later, when Nixon and Brezhnev signed their bilateral agreements, I asked Palme for his comment on the event. He declined to make any. That could be interpreted as the "apology" that Washington is awaiting, for Palme's views on "superpower peace" are well known and his saying nothing could be viewed as a penance. But those who have followed Palme over the years know that the reply he would likely give on the question of the agreements would be something like: "Don't ask me for a comment—ask some Communist getting bombed in Cambodia."

The American Fourth of July reception at the Ambassador's huge residence was a quiet affair. Two cabinet members showed up. So did the usual diplomatic party-goers, and of course, representatives of the Conservative Party. The American military attachés were there in full, bemedaled, beribboned uniform. The air attaché was wearing an American flag on his name tag. That evening, some 1,500 demonstrated outside the U.S. Embassy, protesting the bombings of Cambodia. □

GIVE THE GIVERS A BREAK

ROSE DeWOLF

Philadelphia

Americans are known for being a generous people—name a good cause and they chip in. It has been estimated that they give $22 billion to charity each year. Presumably they would like to know that their money is going for the good cause intended, but of that they cannot be sure. American charities are amazingly unregulated and unreviewed.

Pennsylvania recently passed the toughest charity regulation law in the country, which is a way of saying that all the others are remarkably weak. As a matter of fact, only twenty-five states (plus the District of Columbia) have any kind of regulation at all. The Internal Revenue Service does set certain guidelines that determine what is a charity and entitled to tax-exemption and what is not. And basic laws against fraud deal with the crook crass enough to pocket the alms he collects. But there is growing

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a feeling that these broad limits are really not enough.

Pennsylvania's new law is "tough," for example, simply because it sets a 35 per cent limit on the proportion of the money raised that can be spent on the raising of it. Why is that important?

Let's say that Mr. and Mrs. Do-Good decide to establish a charity. They then hire a professional fund raiser (or hire themselves) to stage a ball or a dinner to raise money for it. It turns out that most of the money brought in is used to pay the fund raiser and to give the Do-Goods and their friends a marvelously tax-deductible good time. That's bad luck for the good cause, but in most states it is legal.

A gentleman in suburban Philadelphia established the "Handicapped Foundation," ostensibly to "help the handicapped veteran." He distributed canisters to local stores, each of which brought in $7 to $10 a week. He appointed himself executive director of the foundation and took a salary from the proceeds. The Pennsylvania Commission of Charitable Solicitations looked into the foundation's operation when it appeared that the director's salary broke the 35 per cent ceiling. It developed that the only "handicapped veteran" ever helped by the Handicapped Foundation was the suburban Philadelphia gentleman who founded it.

At present, the commission is investigating the well-known Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge because its fund-raising and administrative costs absorb 73 per cent of its budget.

It seems that unless strict rules are applied to the operation of charities, no one really looks hard at the way they are run. The Pennsylvania Commission checked out one charity of very high reputation and undenied good works and found its books totally chaotic. Thousands of dollars were simply listed as "miscellaneous" and the charity had no explanation.

Last year, the New York Charities Regulation Bureau began an investigation of the National Football Foundation—but only after a couple of New York citizens made a complaint. It seems that twenty years ago, an advertising man named Chester LaRoche, now 80, decided to establish a college football Hall of Fame on the New Brunswick campus of Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey. (The college Hall of Fame is not to be confused with the pro-football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio.)

Rutgers was the site of the first intercollegiate football game in America, the Rutgers-Princeton clash of 1869. Rutgers, not opposed to the publicity a hall of fame would bring, set aside 10 acres of land and provided the foundation with free office space and clerical help, as well as cash. The university estimates the amount of its contribution at $320,000.

Each year, the foundation would toss a fund-raising $100-a-plate banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and give an award to somebody famous. (This year the dinner will honor John Wayne, cited as "one of the most patriotic men the nation ever produced." What has that to do with college football?) According to a recent audit, over the years the foundation has collected $3.5 million and spent $2.7 million. Among its expenses is a $15,000 per year salary to its president, former California Sen. George Murphy.

But the foundation never has managed to build that college Hall of Fame, and that's why impatient contributors finally decided to complain to the New York State Charity Bureau. Prodded by grumblings from the bureau, the foundation invested in an $800,000, sixty-five-room mansion in Manhattan and announced that, henceforth, its office, and eventually the Hall of Fame, would be located there. The reaction at Rutgers was quick and angry. For one thing, they took down the sign that said: "The National Football Hall of Fame will be built here." For another, they asked for their money back—and finally settled for a $25,000 rebate.

Would anyone have investigated the National Football Foundation if no one had complained? Is it really likely, given ordinary circumstances, that anyone will complain or ask for the investigation of a charity sponsored by famous people?

The late Pearl Buck was as famous for her concern for the children fathered by American servicemen in Asia as she was for her best-selling books. She founded Welcome House, Inc., a respected adoption agency specializing in mixed-race children. She also founded the Pearl Buck Foundation in Philadelphia, which was to support an orphanage in Korea. The average donor had to take it pretty much on faith that there was an orphanage in Korea and that his money was going to support it. And Pearl Buck's name was sufficient to induce many donors to put faith in the foundation.

However, Miss Buck did not herself run the Pearl Buck Foundation. She entrusted it to a 38-year-old former dancing master for whom she had great regard. He became the executive director and lived (quite lavishly, it turned out) in a town house Miss Buck donated to the cause. Then a trio of Korean teen-agers whom Miss Buck had brought to this country complained to a major contributor that the dancing master was dancing off with the proceeds—among other things. An investigation ensued, the foundation was barred for a time from soliciting in Pennsylvania, and the dancing master resigned. The foundation finally reorganized, hired a new executive director, and issued a statement that the previous director had "mismanaged but not misused" the funds. But, this having occurred a few years ago, before Pennsylvania had its law, it was a fluke that the foundation was investigated at all.

When judging the reliability of a charity, donors will undoubtedly be influenced by the reputation of the sponsors or the board of trustees. Unfortunately, that can be a dubious yardstick. When the Pennsylvania Commission of Charitable Solicitations was investigating the books of one "Citizens' Committee," it attempted to reach each listed trustee. It found that some were dead, some didn't know they were listed, and some had agreed to lend their names to the cause but really had no idea what was going on. "That's not unusual," says the commission's director, Carol Cochran.

Basic to all charity regulation laws in the country is a requirement that each charity register and file an annual report. (Some states require that the reports be drawn up by an independent public accountant.) How-

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ever, enforcement is usually so lax that even that small requirement is not always met. In Pennsylvania, 20,000 charities claim tax-exemption. At the time the new stronger law was passed, only 400 had bothered to register, although the state had required registration since 1963. The Commission of Charitable Solicitations now plans to go after all delinquents, but with a staff of six and an annual budget of $55,000, it will take a while.

Religious organizations, organizations that collect only from members, and funds that collect less than $2,000 a year are exempt from Pennsylvania's new law. (New York exempts charities collecting less than $10,000 a year.) Also exempt are those community collections that benefit a single person or family, such as the victim of an auto accident or a family whose house has burned down.

Carol Cochran feels the "tough" Pennsylvania law has a large loophole in it because, although it does set a ceiling on what can be spent on fund raising and on the commission that can be paid out to professional solicitors (15 per cent), it sets no limit at all on administrative expenses.

Depending on the kind of charity, it is possible to yoke fund raising and the administering of the charity's purpose pretty closely together. It is still possible to spend 35 per cent of all moneys raised on raising them and 60 per cent on administering them, and have only 5 per cent left to apply to the supposed object of the charity. Ms. Cochran would like the matter more closely defined.

Furthermore, large areas of solicitation are not covered by the law. For example, if a commercial enterprise, say a record company, announces that it will give 10¢ of the profits of each record sold to a particular good cause, no registration is required. The enterprise is considered a contributor, not a fund raiser. And yet a problem might well arise if the company deliberately hyped the sale of a record by saying that "profits" would go to charity—when in fact, only a portion of the profits are actually turned over.

Other provisions of the Pennsylvania law are just about impossible to enforce. The canister situation is an example. Theoretically a charity that sets out canisters must include their take in an audit. But accountants complain that they can't possibly certify how much was really inside—they must take the charity's word for it.

By and large, charities—even well-known, well-respected ones—were opposed to the new Pennsylvania law and lobbied successfully to have an even tougher measure voted down by the legislature.

"I think they are afraid of any kind of control by the state," says C. Delores Tucker, Pennsylvania's Secretary of the Commonwealth, who pushed the legislation through. (The Commission of Charitable Solicitations is in her department.) "I have tried to convince them that a stiff law actually benefits reputable charities.

"For example, we stopped a group of young boys who were selling cookies, claiming that the proceeds went to the American Cancer Society. Actually, most of the proceeds went to the boys. I would think it would be to the American Cancer Society's advantage to let us know whether someone is authorized to collect in their name—and to have some rules governing how that is done.

"We hope," added Secretary Tucker, "to eventually have a hot line, so that Pennsylvania residents can call free from anywhere in the state to determine if a given charitable collection is on the up and up.

"Our law covers not only charities located in the state but charities located elsewhere that collect here. Whether they solicit door to door or through a television appeal, they must register and can be investigated by us."

The Pennsylvania Commission reserves the right to waive its rules. For example, a group of novice fund raisers might sincerely want to do some good but through sheer inexperience overestimate the receipts and thus break the 35 per cent rule. The commission would not necessarily prevent them from trying again. However, if ineptness seemed to be a continuing trait, that would be another story.

Both Carol Cochran and Delores Tucker are firm in their belief that Pennsylvania's "toughest law in the country" is really no more than a start at protecting the charitable. In this era of the consumer, one might think that citizens would want the state to start protecting them, not just when buying, but when giving, too. □

SOUTHSIDE VIRGINIA

ANATOMY OF A BLACK VICTORY

CAREY E. STRONACH

Petersburg, Va.

On the surface, Petersburg is a somnolent southside Virginia community where life passes gently under a warm Southern sun. Its economy being derived from relatively stable sources of state and federal institutions, tobacco, other light industry, tourism and the provision of services to a large agricultural region, growth has been slow but steady and there is a degree of prosperity, despite the continued existence of a hard core of unemployed and underemployed. Except for the presence of a Civil War battlefield, there is seemingly little to distinguish Petersburg from other Southern cities of modest size.

There is, however, one big difference—Petersburg has a black mayor and a black majority on its City Council.

Carey Stronach, a member of the Physics Department of Virginia State College, worked on the Farley and Houser campaigns for the Petersburg City Council.

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That didn't just happen; it is the result of a labyrinthine sequence of events.

The basic cause of this historic development was the stubborn reactionary attitude of an Old Guard which has controlled the city's government since Reconstruction. A contributing factor was the Virginia law which keeps cities and counties totally separate from one another and which makes annexation a major ordeal. By 1970, Petersburg had become the relatively compact urban core of a much larger metropolitan area that also includes the heavily industrialized city of Hopewell, the all-white, Klan-infested bedroom city of Colonial Heights (referred to by local liberals as "Colonial Whites") and the Fort Lee military base. Middle-class white residents were moving rapidly to Colonial Heights and the surrounding counties, leaving Petersburg with a 55 per cent black majority, plus aged and working-class whites. Only the section known as Walnut Hill remained as an island of affluence. A black businessman, Joseph H. Owens, had been elected to the City Council in 1964, primarily because in that election the white conservative ranks were split. Owens was thus Petersburg's first black councilman since Reconstruction. A second black, Hermanze E. Fauntleroy, Jr., was elected in 1966, thus making the five-man council 40 per cent black. A strong white backlash defeated Owens' bid for re-election in 1968, but Fauntleroy won with surprising ease when his turn came in 1970. The way things were going, blacks plus liberal whites would soon have a voting majority and would take control of the city government.

Foreseeing this development, as well as the legitimate need for a broader tax base, the city fathers began annexation proceedings against parts of surrounding Prince George and Dinwiddie Counties, asking for a large area inhabited almost exclusively by well-to-do white suburbanites. After many legal entanglements had been unraveled, the annexation was effected on January 1, 1972. Then the fun began.

Virginia is one of six states which fall under the jurisdiction of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, this being the consequence of a predisposition against voting engendered by the old Byrd machine. One interesting facet of this Act is that it requires each of those states and every political subdivision within them to obtain Justice Department approval for any proposed change in their voting regulations. Failure to abide by Justice Department recommendations automatically remands the case to the District of Columbia federal district court.

The city now had to provide representation for its recently annexed residents and the city fathers decided that they would enlarge the council to seven members but keep the at-large method of voting. This deeply angered the black leadership, which had generally endorsed the annexation but expected conversion to a ward system which, because of the city's segregated housing pattern, would certainly increase black representation on the council. After a stormy public hearing, the council voted 4 to 1 for the seven member at-large system, the single "no" being cast by Hermanze Fauntleroy. The local black political organization, the Petersburg Voter Education Committee (PVEC), had presented at the public hearing a ward plan that would probably have elected four whites and three blacks. It promptly sent a strongly worded complaint to the Justice Department and retained an attorney. Somewhat to PVEC's surprise Justice agreed to the objection and notified the City Council that its plan was not acceptable. Here, at the crucial point, the residual Old South attitudes of the council's majority took over. Instead of developing a new plan (cumulative voting was suggested to them by this writer) they dug in their heels, hired a lawyer, and vowed to fight to the bitter end.

The case went to federal court in the summer of 1972. The lawyers for the City Council majority built a strong case for annexation and accused the black intervenors of gross irresponsibility in opposing it. Then Councilman Fauntleroy took the stand and pointed out that the black leaders did not oppose the annexation; that they only wanted a fairer method of electing the council. The council's case fell apart and the city was ordered to go to a seven-ward system. The council then compounded their error and appealed the decision to the United States Supreme Court. At this point, even many conservative city residents began to be upset by the blundering approach of the council and the seemingly endless drain of legal fees from the city treasury. The Supreme Court summarily affirmed the lower court's finding and remanded the case to that court for the details of the ward system to be worked out.

The district court gave the city one month in which to develop a ward plan and submit it to the court for approval. The city manager's office produced a plan which created reasonably compact wards and which the powers that be apparently believed would result in the election of five whites and two blacks. The black leadership reluctantly accepted it, the court approved, and the long delayed council election was set for June 12, 1973.

The new First Ward contains three disparate neighborhoods: Blandford, which is a large, impoverished black area; Lakemont, which is working-class white; and the affluent northeastern corner of Walnut Hill. As of the May 12th filing deadline, white voters substantially outnumbered blacks and the incumbent vice mayor, Dr. Fletcher Wright, was confident of victory. His opponent, an articulate and outspoken black psychology professor from Virginia State College, Florence Farley, was given little chance. Farley's organization worked tirelessly, however, to register new voters and in three weeks, more than 200 were added. Wright, the most reactionary member of the council, had also lost support of many whites who simply stayed home on Election Day. A determined get-out-the-vote drive by Farley plus white indifference to Wright resulted in Mrs. Farley's election by a 613-to-531 margin, and she became the first female council member in the history of Petersburg.

In the Second Ward, which includes the southeastern portion of Walnut Hill and much of the annexed area, Donald Houser, a retired army officer of moderately progressive views, whose popularity stems from active participation in civic organizations such as the Lions Club, easily defeated two conservative candidates. In the Third Ward, made up of the bulk of Walnut Hill plus a small black area on the other side of Interstate 85, the incum-

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bent, John VanLandingham, defeated two somewhat less conservative opponents to become the only Old Guard holdover on the council.

The Fourth Ward, like the First, was a surprise. It takes in the downtown area, some very poor black neighborhoods, and a number of the older and less affluent white areas, and thus has the most confusing racial pattern. There were two black and two white candidates, one of the latter being a moderate, the other an old-line segregationist. At the last minute one of the black candidates withdrew, the white vote was fairly evenly split, and 25-year-old Roy Hines won with a plurality to become the youngest person ever elected to the council and to provide the decisive victory in the making of the black majority.

The Fifth Ward was no contest. It being heavily black, incumbent Fauntleroy won without opposition. The Sixth Ward, which includes the more prosperous black neighborhoods, had a three-way contest, all candidates being

Florence Farley

black. The Rev. Clyde Johnson, president of the Petersburg Area Chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations and a strong advocate of bussing as a means of school integration, won handily.

The biggest surprise to casual observers, even more startling than the Farley and Hines victories, came in the Seventh Ward, and this was not a racial contest. The ward contains the large working-class white neighborhood of Kenilworth plus a large chunk of the annexed area (including the only annexed neighborhood with a sizable black population). Here the incumbent Mayor, Arlie Andrews, a tombstone carver by trade, was defeated 489 to 386 by John Slate, a retired factory worker with a strong union background. Andrews had never been very popular in his own neighborhood because he had always sided with the Walnut Hill interests on the council. This fact, his humiliation by the federal courts, and Slate's empathy with the workingman, led to his defeat and an almost total reversal in the political and racial complexion of the city government.

As the returns came in and the black majority and liberal philosophy of the new council became apparent, the victory statements ranged from Florence Farley's jubilant, "I'm just overjoyed. I can't believe that real democracy has come to Petersburg at last," to John VanLandingham's morose, "I don't really relish the job, but I'll do my best." Mayor Andrews, in conceding defeat, simply said, "It's all over as far as I'm concerned. I have no statement."

The attitude of the native white conservative segment of this city of 45,000 changed from initial disbelief to momentary panic to beleaguered resignation. Some talked briefly about an *en masse* pilgrimage to Colonial Heights, but these feelings subsided quickly. A letter to the local paper, the Petersburg *Progress-Index*, by a prominent Ukrainian refugee resident of conservative reputation expressing his personal confidence in Farley and Fauntleroy helped reduce tensions.

By the time of the first meeting of the new council on July 3, the new reality was at least grudgingly accepted by most Petersburgers, and this organizational meeting was a model of cordiality and cooperation. As expected, Hermanze Fauntleroy was elected mayor. Although the press had speculated several times that John VanLandingham would be the vice mayor, the new majority, for whom VanLandingham had never done anything in the past, chose Donald Houser. To him falls the difficult and perhaps thankless task of bridging the gap between the black leadership and the white conservatives who control most of the local economy.

Implementing her campaign pledge of participatory democracy, Mrs. Farley introduced a long set of changes in council rules at this first meeting, the most significant being one which sets aside a half hour at the beginning of each meeting for citizens to express themselves on issues relating to the city government. These changes passed unanimously, as did a proposal by Roy Hines for the city to develop a comprehensive plan to combat drug abuse.

The sweetness and light will probably not continue. Some citizens, both black and white, want the new council to sweep the city administration clean. There have been problems in the police department and a move to fire the chief is quite possible. A permanent plan for council elections must be approved and submitted to the court. Property taxes and bonded indebtedness are high, and city services must be provided to the annexed area.

A majority black governing body in a majority white city is unique and will be watched with interest by people both in Petersburg and across the country. In any event, regardless of what the future may bring, Petersburg will, for a change, be a most exciting place in which to live. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Master of Myths

THE LITERARY IMPACT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH. *By John B. Vickery. Princeton University Press. 428 pp. $16.50. Paper $8.50.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK

When one remembers how many books have been written on the psychoanalysts who captured the literary and artistic imagination in the early 20th century, and especially on Freud, it is remarkable how little attention has been given to Sir James Frazer. *The Golden Bough* was an immensely influential book; there were certainly few British or American writers between the wars who had not at least dipped into its rich store of myths and images, and if novelists and poets came to a more frank and open recognition of the role of irrational elements in the creation of literature, if they responded to the call of the primitive, it was as much the work of Frazer as of Freud. And yet, perhaps because he revealed to us the past and primeval roots of our collective mental lives, Frazer never wielded quite the same fascination as Freud, who revealed the depths of our own beings. It is the difference in immediacy between a family tree and a personal therapy; we have no great urge to know our genealogist intimately, but our analyst is quite another matter.

The fact is that, though *The Golden Bough* was undoubtedly one of the key works in the intellectual evolution of the 20th century, its influence was far more restricted, perhaps more subterranean, and certainly less acknowledged than Freud's. Not only the theories of psychology but the whole practice of mental therapy was changed by Freud's work, as were the theory and practice of social work, not to mention the considerable if often concealed psychoanalytical influence on the criticism of art and literature and—through a changed biographical perspective—on our view of history.

Frazer failed, and failed surprisingly quickly, to win his scientific territory. Today, if Frazer were alive and relatively young, he would probably—on the strength of *The Golden Bough*—have difficulty getting a post in a university department of anthropology. It was not so much that Frazer was an armchair anthropologist who never went out to the field, though he kept contact with men who did; rather it was that he remained to the end a great generalist, confident that the knowledge he was gathering had a profound cultural significance, not in the narrow sense that anthropologists nowadays ordinarily give to the term *culture* but in the sense of being part of an intellectual continuum in which the arts and the sciences come together as differing expressions of man's search for the eternal truths. One has only to compare *The Golden Bough*, with its self-consciously eloquent prose and its deliberately formal composition, with the average recent anthropological monograph, written in a repellent jargon and narrowed down through the author's specialized lenses to a meager theme, to realize the gulf that exists between Frazer and present-day anthropology, or indeed any other contemporary field of science.

Frazer in fact, as John B. Vickery makes clear in *The Literary Impact of The Golden Bough*, stood on the watershed between the evolution-obsessed 19th century, when an educated and alert nonspecialist could keep up with scientific discoveries, and a scientist could still belong effectively to the general intellectual community (so that Matthew Arnold and Thomas Henry Huxley could dispute in common terms), and the present age when the very complexity of knowledge has created the difficulties of mutual comprehension which pundits like Sir Charles Snow and F. R. Leavis have emphasized in their controversies over the Two Cultures. Ultimately, even in his own time, Frazer found his natural affinities not among the younger anthropologists but among classicists like Jane Harrison and Gilbert Murray, whose discoveries by means of literature and history tended to complement what he received by way of travelers' tales and field scientists' reports. It is significant that the only important study written on Frazer before the book I am reviewing, R. A. Downie's *James George Frazer*, should be subtitled "Portrait of a Scholar," not "Portrait of a Scientist." Frazer, by electing to subject *The Golden Bough* to the formal disciplines of literature rather than to the methodological disciplines of modern scientific writings, also elected his public, and if his influence among anthropologists tended to become marginal quite early in the century, his influence among writers has continued—and even now, whatever its scientific standing, *The Golden Bough* still looms large in our *literary* traditions.

It is therefore completely appropriate that when a contemporary book is devoted to Frazer it should be written by a professor of English, and should be entitled *The Literary Impact of The Golden Bough*. Critics in recent years have been deeply concerned with the role of myth and the emergence of veiled primeval impulses in modern literature, and there has inevitably been talk of Frazer among them. Northrop Frye (whom Vickery surprisingly almost ignores) has in particular drawn deeply on Frazer in his studies of mythopoeic elements in poetry from Milton and Blake down to contemporary North American poets. It was therefore inevitable that at some time soon a book like *The Literary Impact of The Golden Bough* should appear, and we are fortunate, now it is here, that it is on the whole intelligent and well arranged.

The influence of *The Golden Bough* in the earlier part of the century, at least on English writers, was much larger than most people now remember. Though Vickery deals somewhat cavalierly with the one-volume edition of 1922 ("merely an abridgement," as he remarks disparagingly), it was in this form that Frazer's great cycle of myths was normally present to writers during the 1920s and 1930s, and I cannot remember any poet or novelist I knew in the latter decade who was without this volume on his shelves, while most of them had at least looked at some time, in the British Museum or the London Library, through the great twelve-volume unabridged opus.

Professor Vickery wisely takes into account the diminished familiarity (as compared with the much less diminished reputation) of *The Golden Bough* in the present decade, and devotes his early chapters to placing the book in its setting in 19th-century intellectual history, and to analyzing its literary form

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Portuguese Poems

Translated by WILLARD TRASK

Translator's Note

Nothing is really known of Nuno Fernandez Torneol (13th century), though some references in his few extant poems suggest that he may have been a professional soldier. He cultivated a native Portuguese and Galician poetic form based on responsive singing as the accompaniment to a dance. His "Levad', amigo"—a girl's dawn song—is one of the most magical evocations of this type of folk poetry.

In the early Renaissance revival of the Greek form of the inscription or epigram, Diogo Bernardes (1520-1605) equaled if he did not surpass his masters, the Italians Navagero and Flaminio. His "Sou Ninfa deste fonte" carries the genre to perfection.

DAWN SONG

(Levad', amigo que dormides as manhanas frias)

Wake, my lover, asleep in the chill of the morning!
All the birds in the world, of love they were speaking.
I walk in joy.

Wake, my lover, asleep in the morning cold!
All the birds in the world, of love they were singing.
I walk in joy.

All the birds in the world, of love they were speaking;
of your love it was, and my love, that they were thinking.
I walk in joy.

All the birds in the world, of love they were singing;
of your love it was, and my love, that they were telling.
I walk in joy.

Of your love it was, and my love, that they were thinking;
you took away the boughs on which they perched.
I walk in joy.

Of your love it was, and my love, that they were telling;
you took away the boughs on which they rested.
I walk in joy.

You took away the boughs on which they perched
and dried the fountains up from which they drank.
I walk in joy.

You took away the boughs on which they rested
and dried the fountains up in which they bathed.
I walk in joy.

Nuno Fernandez Torneol

INSCRIPTION

(Sou Ninfa deste fonte)

I am the nymph of this fountain, and watching over this clear water I fell asleep;
Its sweet soft murmur became my soft sweet slumber.

O thou, whoever thou art, whom thirst has led here, drink quietly, and wash, and go.
Break not the silence on which my dreams are strung.

Diogo Bernardes

which, he contends, had its own influence on the writing of the Edwardian and early Georgian periods. He delineates the controlling ideas and the way—indirectly through the works of allied classicists as well as directly—they were transmitted. He discusses a number of lesser writers by whom the content of *The Golden Bough* was often directly borrowed, though he cautiously avoids a close examination of perhaps the most interesting of those minor mythopoeics, Robert Graves, and he fails to note adequately the important role which the Frazerian myth assumed as an exemplary device in the characteristic poetry of the 1930s in England from Auden and Spender down to the circle associated with *Twentieth Century Verse*, of whom Roy Fuller is perhaps the best-known example.

The greater part of *The Literary Impact of The Golden Bough* is devoted to discussing the evident or supposed influence of *The Golden Bough* on four major writers of the classic Modern Movement: W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce. At this point the tone and pace of the book change. The brisk, concise exposition of the introductory chapters gives way to a rather plodding process of analysis and comparison, and there are times when Vickery seems to be straining hard to find a point of influence or to establish an analogy. Still, the case is convincing enough so far as Yeats and Eliot are concerned, and moderately convincing so far as Lawrence is concerned. We know that Yeats read *The Golden Bough* with as much enthusiasm as he embraced The Golden Dawn; anything that smacked of the mythical or the mystical was grist to his poetic mill. Eliot went out of his way to acknowledge his debt to Frazer, and Vickery leads us expertly through the areas of contact between *The Waste Land* and *The Golden Bough*. Even Lawrence was obviously covering up, in his criticism of Frazer's armchair methods, a debt that shows in all his works, and especially in his later poetry with its almost obsessive concern for the dead and resurrected god.

It is when he tries to trap Joyce in the Frazerian net that Vickery fails entirely to convince. What he has forgotten is that there were, even in that era, more ways of access to mythology than one, and that Joyce obviously took a direct route when he chose to make *Ulysses* a grand parody of the *Odyssey*; from this point his use of Frazer's work could never be at best more than secondary.

But it is not proved to have been

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even that. Having started off with the admission that he can find no shred of direct evidence that Joyce even read Frazer (though it would be strange if he had not), Vickery fails to convince us at any point that a derivation is established. He grasps at the very ghosts of straws, but Joyce eludes him incessantly. There is never any instance in which the *only possible* source of a passage or an image is *The Golden Bough*. The failure of this doomed but gallant endeavor to find a Frazerian shadow behind *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* gives a sad and unintended sense of anticlimax to the last chapters of *The Literary Impact of The Golden Bough*, which is a pity, for the argument was well sustained until Vickery's eye was deluded by the mocking and elusive echoes in which Joyce was so expert. □

After Touching Rock Bottom

THE SUMMER BEFORE THE DARK. *By Doris Lessing. Alfred A. Knopf. 273 pp. $6.95.*

ELLEN CRONAN ROSE

Doris Lessing's latest novel tells the story of Kate Brown, an attractive suburban matron of 45 who one day finds herself confronted with an empty nest. Her husband and four grown children off on various projects and continents, she takes the opportunity (which is in fact forced upon her) to cast a retrospective and critical eye over twenty-five years of marriage and motherhood, and to experiment with other possibilities for the future.

She takes a job, then a lover and a trip to the Costa del Sol. She spends several weeks of isolation and introspection in a hotel room, and ends the summer boarding with a flower child named Maureen. And all the time she is thinking about who she is and why she is who she is and whether she likes it and whether she can change it if she doesn't.

The book seethes with her anger, as she comes to feel that her life has been a series of roles assumed to meet the expectations of men, and that "while her body, her needs, her emotions—all of herself—had been turning like a sunflower after one man, all that time she had been holding in her hands something else, the something precious, offering it in vain to her husband, to her children, to everyone she knew—but it had never been taken, had not been noticed." As she tells Maureen, Kate's overwhelming need is to find out "*who* has been married all this time."

To answer that question, she must plummet to what Erik Erikson has called the "rock-bottom," that bare psychic terrain "on which the struggle for a new existence can . . . begin." Often, as Erikson observes in his study of Martin Luther, getting to rock-bottom demands an excursion into the schizophrenic process, an "experimental and systematic play with nothingness." Thus Martha Quest in *The Four-Gated City* plunges into voluntary madness, Jack Orkney surrenders to the world of dreams and visions, and Kate wills herself into a strange illness which saps her strength but heightens her perceptions.

The theme of "breakdown" has been dominant in everything Lessing has written since *The Golden Notebook*. And in a recent article in the *Partisan Review*, she identifies it as the central theme of that book, the assertion "that sometimes when people 'crack up' it is a way of self-healing—of the inner self's dismissing false dichotomies and divisions." In *The Golden Notebook*, she goes on, she attempted to embody that theme in the shape of the novel.

The meaning of *The Summer Before the Dark*, no less than of *The Golden Notebook*, lies in its shape. Undergirding the narrative is what Kate calls her "serial dream." In this dream, which unfolds in a series of episodes, Kate is responsible for a young seal, trapped inland, torn and bruised by rocks and ice. She knows it is her task to get the seal to the ocean, or it will die. Of course the seal is Kate's inner self, "the something precious" that lies beneath the roles she has been forced to play. But the dream reverberates through the novel to extend Kate's problem and its implications. The book's real statements are made through metaphor, by a meticulous and poetic use of prose no one would have expected from the author of *Martha Quest*.

The barren arctic landscape of the dream is like the "cold wind" that Kate feels when she anticipates a summer empty of the responsibilities that have defined her identity for twenty-five years. She fears it will "strip her of flesh and feature and color . . . as if she were an animal being flayed." But as the dream progresses, the values shift. Cold and flayed replace warm and clothed as desirable conditions, and the metaphor extends from the seal to the stage. The crucial problem is to distinguish the real from the illusory, the man from the mask.

It is in terms of this informing metaphor that *The Summer Before the Dark* resolves Kate's problem of identity. Since her girlhood, her acceptance of the roles men assign her has been represented by her appearance—her carefully tended figure, her tastefully provocative clothes, above all her hair, "a weight of heavy silk" expensively tinted and expertly shaped, as sleek and sinuous as sealskin. But at the end of her summer, Kate reflects that "her experiences of the last months, her discoveries, her self-definition; what she hoped were now strengths, were concentrated here—that she would walk into her home with her hair undressed, with her hair tied straight back for utility; rough and streaky, and the widening grey band showing like a statement of intent."

Yet *The Summer Before the Dark* is only deceptively conclusive. Because the prose is spare, because the images qualify one another, because the novel as a whole is carefully and intensely constructed, the book seems to offer a resolution where in fact there is none. Kate has been stripped of false identity, but her brave assertion of who she is *not* only momentarily disguises the truth that what she *is* is a "sick monkey" with frizzy hair.

No one now writing is better than Doris Lessing at describing the disease of our times, the vulnerability of traditional humane values in a world fragmented by wars and warring ideologies. Her uncompromising yet compassionate rendering of our world is comparable in method and effect to George Eliot's similar achievement for Victorian society.

Interestingly, Lessing has criticized George Eliot for being trapped by her own Victorianism, for being incapable of a vision which might transcend the limitations she delineates so convincingly. I think this is as good a way as any of accounting for the nagging dissatisfaction we feel at the end of *Middlemarch*, where the Dorothea who dreamed of being another St. Theresa is tidily allocated to marriage with Will Ladislaw and "unhistoric acts" of quiet charity.

But Lessing's own novels end no more satisfactorily than George Eliot's; Martha Quest's nuclear catastrophe recapitulates Maggie Tulliver's flood. And I think the reasons for their failures

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are similar. Lessing, no less than George Eliot, pays a penalty for being so completely of her time. She sees—no one more clearly—that only through the achievement of personal integration can we combat the "false dichotomies and divisions" which characterize our society. Her insistence on the importance of the individual makes her a humanist, but it is a neo-humanism, a vision of disparate individuals in a disintegrating web of meaningful social relationships. Just as George Eliot was unable to imagine a society unregulated by hierarchical patterns of marriage and social responsibility, so is Lessing incapable of seeing beyond individual redemption. Kate's hair may make a statement of intent, but it answers neither Maureen's questions about life nor ours. □

Business, That Picaresque Tale

THE PLACE OF BUSINESS IN AMERICA'S FUTURE: A Study in Social Values. *By Neil Chamberlain. Basic Books. 338 pp. $12.50.*

VICTOR LEBOW

At the very end of this book, the author projects into the next decade or so the relationship of corporate enterprise and American society. He examines first the way in which social values have been formed in the Western world, and how various forces have influenced their acceptance or rejection, their rise and decline. The result is a closely reasoned, frequently brilliant discourse based on a vast scholarship in history and the social sciences. Mr. Chamberlain sees business as the dominant power in this country and the chief determinant of its values. And what emerges, slowly and cautiously, is an analysis of the role of American business which bodes little good for the future of this country—or for the world at large.

The author is professor of the Modern Corporation at the Graduate School of Business, Columbia University. His book arrives in the midst of a crisis of values here. But what is missing from his catalogue of values are the ethics of business and the morality of business leadership. This is a curious lapse.

For Mr. Chamberlain the social order and its values are the resultant of the struggles among the "dominants" who govern, and have succeeded in having their values accepted as being in the nation's interest, the "thruster" groups who aspire either to dominance or to a partnership with the ruling elite, and the disadvantaged who must seek the favor of one or the other to gain any betterment of their condition. In terms of such an analysis, the Bolsheviks in 1917 were such a thruster group who succeeded in destroying the dominants and converting most of the population to a new set of social values. Again, the blacks, in our predominantly white society, may in time control the major cities by their majorities, but Chamberlain believes that they cannot succeed as a thruster group unless they can join some other movement driving for dominance.

Social values, the author contends, are not the expression of the values of an age, as Hegel or Spengler would have it, but rather they are the means by which the purpose of an age or place is carried out. The amalgam of individualism and liberalism which characterized 19th-century America, which was the spur to the emerging capitalist class, and from which arose their social values and those of the nation as a whole, is one of his examples. As long as there is an underlying consensus in society, values serve as sanctions to integrate and coordinate a society's activities and give it unity of outlook.

Supporting the values by which the dominants control the society are the institutions and the ideology which mold the population and induce it to accept the values of their rulers as their own: the economic system, the church, the military. The educational institutions serve as training schools for jobs, and the universities mother the meritocracy. All these reinforce the social values of the ruling groups, help maintain the egalitarian shibboleths, and serve to defend the basic interests of the dominants. As Chamberlain discusses the factors which govern the acceptance and decay of social values, he throws a new light upon the different and conflicting values of the white middle class and the black, Hispanic and other minorities.

To maintain social order, ruling groups have arrived at solutions which have varied with their times and their interests: feudalism in the Middle Ages, the plantation system in the pre-bellum South, oligarchy in Latin America. Today, however, with all the power of the communications media, the church, schools and government tending to impose a uniform ideology, frustration and alienation seize sections of our people, particularly among the young. In our day "the growth of numbers of people, amounts of knowledge, and speed of technology work against the individual being in a position to exercise free, reasonably well-informed, rational, individual choice concerning much of his destiny." Social values long entrenched are challenged as many drop out of the system or otherwise repudiate its tenets. Chamberlain regards values as establishing norms of conduct, social norms which we have a right to expect of others as, for example, a certain serious attitude toward work, and to the quality of one's product. The author would probably agree that the policeman as "pig" is an example of the repudiation of such norms by many in the black and Puerto Rican communities, and defiance of the coercive sanctions by which the social order is maintained by the dominants.

He tells us that self-government is "largely a euphemism" and he sees significant change coming only from one set or combination of thrusters or another: disadvantaged groups seeking advancement in their social, economic and political status, dissidents protesting restrictions of civil rights, devotees of new styles of living, opponents of unrestrained technology growth, advocates of environmental and ecological control. All these question and disturb the social order. Government must choose between repression and steadfastness on the one hand, or permissiveness and change on the other—or must choose a blend of the two. Traditionally, ruling groups have had recourse to one or another of three major tactics in the collision with opposing or competitive movements: concession, co-optation, or repression. The Nixon Administration, as we can see all too clearly now, would prefer outright repression.

"What has taken place in the democratic countries up to the present time has not been so much a reduction in the power of the upper class as a decline in the radicalism of the working class," writes one authority whom Chamberlain quotes approvingly. He sees the politician as a broker or mediator. To get elected he has to make his terms with the dominants, and use their money, yet he has to persuade a large enough number of voters in the inferior groups. In the face of powerful threats, one resorts to force, and it is not to be forgotten that the dominant groups always justify their use of the military to keep control as "a means of national redemption." Cham-

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berlain could have used the junta in Greece, the dictatorship in Brazil, the Red Army in Czechoslovakia, as pertinent examples.

In periods of national and social stress, he suggests, the politician as demagogue takes the stage—a Hitler, a Huey Long, a Juan Perón. There are demagogues who are "true believers," like Luther and Savonarola. Here he might have added Richard Nixon, and the band emerging as White House aides in an exotic conjunction of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency with revealed religion.

We are living today under what has proudly and unblushingly labeled itself a "business administration." The author would agree, I believe, that the present covey of scandals demonstrates that in a business-dominated, business-oriented society, the values of that society mirror those of business itself. The hierarchical structure, the Byzantine intrigues, and the undemocratic, anti-democratic, illiberal character of the modern corporation are duplicated in the White House. Achieving the *summum bonum* of the Horatio Alger legend in his "game plan," Richard Nixon has arrogated to himself the role of chief executive of a corporate America, and like the tycoons he idolizes, he has tried to impose one-man rule on this country. If his ethics have been shady from the time he entered politics, so are the ethics of General Motors when it hires spies to get the goods on Ralph Nader—and where find the space to recount the scoundrelly history of ITT, for example, from Sosthenes Behn to Harold Geneen? In a business administration, it just comes naturally to engage in bugging, wiretapping, spying, forgery, bribery, and sundry other misdemeanors and felonies which are typically "white-collar" crimes.

This book is too heavily laden with illuminating insights and references to summarize in a brief review. It is particularly valuable for its discussion of the life cycles of social values. And posed against his formulations, the author, perhaps unwittingly, has projected a picture of decline and hopelessness. He concludes this work by tendering three possible "scenarios" for the future of American values, subject, of course, to "intrusive events" which cannot now be foreseen. Under the first, there would be a diminution of business dominance without the rise of some other source of commonly held social values. This would lead to uncertain and diffuse values, and increasing disorder, as dissension erupts among the various groups in society. This might be the outcome of the opposing forces already in existence: the changing urban composition, the increased power of centralized government, and the alienation of minority groups and the youth.

The second scenario envisages the rise of new thruster groups combining various "antis"—those against growth, materialism and unlimited consumption, the environmentalists, et al. Their chance for success is small, but if they were joined by blacks and other disadvantaged groups, it might lead to some demagogic political movement. He talks of the possibility of "inside thrusters," a new breed of business executives with some ideals of social responsibility who might, like Veblen's engineers, become "social technocrats." In the next decade he foresees increasing challenges to the United States on the international scene. There will be waves of nationalization in Asia, Africa and Latin America, and he sees a new militarism arising in our own country, together with the controls of a war economy. For him the insoluble question is whether we can achieve national unity at all, because he believes that the black population will not be amenable to new controls, especially since the white middle class will probably not yield its social and economic advantages. The result might be control of the cities by the military.

His third scenario contemplates the rise of a military thruster class, with an emphasis on austerity, a reduction in private consumption, a rise in domestic reconstruction, and a piling up of arma-

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ments. This last projection seems to resemble the military-*cum*-quasi-Socialist regime now in power in Peru.

He hopes the future will bring a turn of events which will invalidate all of his gloomy scenarios. But while he is frank on the subject of the self-interest of business, he seems oblivious to the essentially picaresque quality of private enterprise, so well exemplified at the moment in the far-reaching Watergate and election fund scandals. Nor do any of his conjectures contemplate the possibility of the rise of a different economic and social order with more human values. □

The Lives of Working People

ONLY A MINER: Studies in Recorded Coal-Mining Songs. *By Archie Green. University of Illinois Press. 504 pp. $12.50.*

DAVID E. WHISNANT

Books frequently deliver less than their titles promise. Archie Green's delivers much more. Two decades ago—when he himself was a skilled worker on the San Francisco waterfront—Green began to compile a discography of coal-mining songs, which even then he recognized as a rich and evocative record of the consciousness and lore of American workingmen. The limited discographical project eventually matured into *Only a Miner,* which examines more than a century of the complex interaction between coal mining and the dynamics of American culture, and comments on the nature and socio-political implications of work itself, as well as on our habitual attitudes toward inherently dangerous work.

The hard-working miners, their dangers are great,
Many while mining have met their sad fate,
While doing their duties as miners all do,
Shut out from the daylight and their darling ones, too.

He's only a miner been killed in the ground,
Only a miner and one more is found,
Killed by an accident, no one can tell,
His mining's all over, poor miner farewell.

The undeniable fact is that we have chosen to trade human lives for coal at least since the first recorded major coal-mine disaster at Black Heath, Va. in 1839. Later benchmarks in the pattern of carnage are all too familiar: Monongah (1907, 362 dead); Centralia (1951, 119 dead); Hyden (1970, seventy-eight dead). We can tolerate such deaths only if we dehumanize the victims. Huckleberry Finn, asked by Aunt Sally whether anyone was hurt in a steamboat explosion, replies "No'm. Killed a nigger." "Well, it's lucky," she responds, "because people sometimes do get hurt." In one sense, Archie Green's book follows the reverberations of Huck's laconic comment into the lives of millions of miners sacrificed upon the altar of the contemporary Baal, economic growth. The dead person is "only a miner"—lacking consciousness, lacking aspirations, and most certainly lacking what the middle- and upper-class beneficiaries of his cramped and perilous labor are willing to call "culture."

Only a Miner demonstrates that the culture of coal miners is vital, rich and sophisticated. The first known recorded coal-mining song was preserved on an Edison cylinder in 1908. The first to emerge as a popular hit was *The Dream of the Miner's Child,* recorded by Vernon Dalhart in 1925, shortly after he was transformed from a light opera tenor into a guitar-playing "city-billy" by a record company that was sensitive to the possibilities of a new market.

From among the hundreds of coal-mining songs eventually distributed by commercial recording companies, Green chooses about a dozen for special attention. Some are almost universally known: *Sixteen Tons,* which Merle Travis wrote and recorded in 1946, reached millions of listeners through Tennessee Ernie Ford's records and television show in the mid-1950s. Others, such as *The Death of Harry Simms,* have hardly been heard at all in forty years or more. Many have never been widely known outside the coal culture in which they were born. Yet the pattern of vital interchange between the largely regional coal culture and national culture is rich and important, as Green shows, for example, in following the odyssey of *The Death of Mother Jones.*

The song was obtained from an unknown source in the North Carolina mountains by a record company A&R ("artist and repertoire") man, who gave it to Gene Autry, who recorded it in New York City early in 1931—a year before he became a national celebrity with *That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine.* Autry's records themselves found their way back into the five-and-ten-cent stores of the Appalachian coal fields, from which a labor organizer, Tom Tippett, carried one back North again to be used in classes at Brookwood Labor College in Westchester County. Tippett later taught *The Death of Mother Jones* to Walter Seacrist, a miner whose singing of it in a Ward, W. Va. miners' tent colony in 1932 was heard by a Hunter College graduate, Agnes Martocci, one of many idealistic volunteer teachers of mining-camp children. She in turn taught it to a union songster, Joe Glazer, who gave it wide currency through performances at miners' conventions—adding to the Mother Jones legend, which has recently come to the surface again to bring strength to a new generation of miners and their families, struggling to rebuild their union and recover the stolen wealth of their colonized region.

The song's repeated passage North and South, from class to class and from one occupational group to another, could be treated as an inert discographical detail. But to Green the history of the song's transmission in folk and popular culture illuminates the manifold facets of his subject: the dynamics of cultural change, the interpenetration of folk and mass culture, the effect of recording technology upon folklife and upon mass taste, the neglected folklore of urbanization and industrialization, the economics and politics of resource exploitation in the Appalachian coal fields, and ultimately the nature of American cultural pluralism and unity.

David Whisnant is working on a book on Appalachian development. His articles have appeared in such publications as Centennial Review, New South, Journal of Higher Education *and* People's Appalachia.

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Thus chapters which at one level are case studies of single songs persistently spill over their announced boundaries. The chapter on the title song, *Only a Miner*—found among miners from the Kentucky coal country to the Colorado silver region—explores the capacity of occupational lore to move across political and geographical boundaries. The chapter on race and hillbilly records is also about the effect of the recording industry upon the social status and self-image of the folk performer. The chapter on *Coal Creek Troubles*, probably the finest in the book, explores the ramifications not only of the iniquitous convict lease system in the South, but also the apparently unalterable exploitative relationship between the energy-rich Appalachian resource colony and profligate use of energy in the rest of the nation.

There is profound irony in the fact that Jock Yablonski's killers were hired through the cooperation of local UMWA officials in District 19 (Jellico, Tenn.), for *Coal Creek Troubles* celebrates the heroism of 300 Coal Creek miners from the Campbell, Anderson and Union County area of east Tennessee who on Bastille Day (July 14, 1891) stormed the Briceville prison stockade of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company (TCI). Their action liberated both their black fellow miners and themselves from the medieval burden of the convict lease system, and provided evidence (even yet steadfastly rejected by the nation at large) that mountaineers are not indolent, fatalistic, politically ignorant hillbillies.

Since 1866, the convict lease system in Tennessee had authorized a form of legal slavery for the benefit of coal mines, plantations, railroads and lumbermen. By 1889, TCI had taken over all 1,600 of the state's leased convicts for $100,000 per year (about 2¢ or less per man-hour) —most of whom were used in its mines around Briceville, Tracy City and Coal Creek—and all of whom worked under inconceivably cruel conditions. For two years following the Briceville battle, other stockades were burned, and liberated convicts were shipped to Knoxville and Nashville by the trainload. Governor Buchanan responded to pressure by TCI (whose president, Thomas C. Platt, was a powerful Republican Party boss in the state of New York) by enforcing "martial law," actually a crude reign of terror, with 5,000 state troops supplied with ammunition from federal arsenals. Thus *Coal Creek Troubles* is not simply an artifact of a remote and localized "folk culture," but also an index to a tortuously complicated era in American life—an index as vivid as the "TCI, TCI, TCI . . ." pressed into the earth around the Briceville stockade by the shoes Tennessee Coal and Iron forced its rented convicts to wear.

Folklorists, historians, discographers, musicologists and other professionals whose areas of specialization *Only a Miner* touches, can be expected to form their own judgments of its merits. But the reader whose aim is to view our national life whole is likely to find that the book will leave a mark upon him. Its effect is reinforced by more than a hundred sensitively chosen illustrations, ranging from the literalness of a record label to the suggestiveness of a Jackson Pollock lithograph—or the dreamlike photograph of a mine-rescue team.

Green dedicates his book to his father, for whom, he says, "the skills of hand and head are one." The dedication could stand as a description of Green's own method as both a skilled workingman and a scholar. When he was graduated from Berkeley in the late 1930s, he became a shipwright's apprentice in San

Four Poems from Breaking Open

By MURIEL RUKEYSER

The jury said Guilty, Guilty, Guilty,
Guilty, Guilty. Each closed face.
I see myself in the river-window. River
Slow going to its sea.
An old, crushed, perverse, waiting,
In loss, in dread, dead tree.

No. 7

A dream remembered only in other dreams.
The voice saying:
All you dreaded as a child
Came to pass in storms of light;
All you dreaded as a girl
Falls and falls in avalanche—
Dread and the dream of love will make
All that time and men may build,
All that women dance and make.
They become you. Your own face
Dances through the night and day,
Leading your body into this
Body-led dance, its mysteries.
Answer me. Dance my dance.

No. 10

River-watching from the big Westbeth windows:
Powerful miles of Hudson, an east-blowing wind
All the way to Asia.
No. Lost in our breath,
Sobbing, lost, alone. The river darkens.
Black flow, bronze lights, white lights.
Something must answer that light, that dark.
Love,
The door opens, you walk in.

No. 11

The old man said, "The introversion of war
Is the main task of our time."
Now it makes its poem, when the sky stops killing.
I try to turn my acts inward and deeper.
Almost a poem. If it splash outside,
All right.
My teacher says, "Go deeper."
The day when the salmon-colored flowers
Open.
I will essay. Go deeper.
Make my poem.

No. 12

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Francisco. After service as a carpenter's mate in the Navy during World War II, he returned to work for another fifteen years in the building trades. His subsequent academic training as a folklorist merely formalized and extended a lifelong attempt to understand with his head the work his own hands had done; days of work as a carpenter and shipwright had long been followed by evenings of reading, collecting and writing as a practicing scholar. Thus Green brings to his subject not only the skills of a trained academician but also a sense—literally worked into his mind and body—of the lives of working people, and therefore a profound respect for both miners and their rich lore. □

Must Nice Guys Finish Last?

SMALL EARTHQUAKE IN CHILE: A Report from the Andean Nations. *By Alistair Horne. The Viking Press. 349 pp. $12.50.*

PENNY LERNOUX

Is Mao Tse-tung correct and Salvador Allende wrong?

Alistair Horne has his convictions, but they rarely intrude in this lively and sympathetic introduction to the turbulent politics of four Andean nations. A British writer whose specialty heretofore has been modern French history, Horne brings a fresh eye to a familiar scene, capturing the personal anguish and historic portent of the world's first "peaceful" Marxist revolution, in Chile. (The book's title is an ironic tribute to the winner of a *Times* of London "insignificant headline" contest, "Small Earthquake in Chile—Not Many Killed," and to the general lack of interest on the part of gringos on both sides of the Atlantic in all things Latin American.) Like other well-traveled British diarists, Horne is a copious note taker, and so we have the wonders of Machu Picchu, a paean to Peruvian cuisine, a herbarium of Chilean plants, and a description of the exotic devils' carnival in Oruro, Bolivia, interspersed with historical asides and political vignettes—a guidebook to Andean politics and pleasures.

Horne does not pretend to be a "Latin American expert." With the exception of the last chapter, his book makes few predictions, offers no panaceas, and is refreshingly free of know-it-all polemics. Instead, he takes us on a revealing tour of Colombia, Peru, Bolivia and Chile, introducing us to *gorilas* and guerrillas, reactionaries and revolutionaries with equal impartiality, and allowing each to speak for himself. (That his traveling companion for much of the trip was William F. Buckley, Jr., does not seem to have clouded Horne's objectivity.)

Penny Lernoux is South American correspondent in Bogotá for Copley News Service.

Because Horne is an eminently human historian, he worries about the personal dramas of revolution in Chile and what he believes are the coming storms in Colombia and Peru. As a non-Marxist, he prefers the peaceful tactics of the orthodox Communists to the "infantile disorders" of the Castroist and Maoist guerrillas, as the lesser of two evils.

Bloodshed is not a necessary feature of revolution, the very disciplined, very bourgeois Chilean Communist Party contends. Horne, like anyone familiar with Chile's warm-hearted people and its beautiful land, would like to believe this is true. Yet he cannot be sure. With military rebellions, severe food scarcities, continuing labor strikes and a determined opposition congress, can President Allende be certain that his "democratic revolution," the unique *via chileña*, will succeed without civil war? Or is Mao correct in his belief that only bloodshed can sweep away the old structures?

Régis Debray, whom Horne quotes frequently, thinks Allende is indulging in wishful revolution. The French polemicist spent long hours interviewing and arguing with Allende following his release from a Bolivian prison for his participation in Ernesto "Che" Guevara's abortive guerrilla war. "It is impossible in Latin America today to initiate a bourgeois democratic revolution without rapidly unleashing a process of Socialist revolution," Debray claims. "It is impossible to avoid the second while waving the flag of the first."

Up to a point, this has been true in Chile. Even the *tuvos*, or the "hads" as Horne describes the once powerful oligarchy, realize they cannot reverse what has been wrought in three years of socialism because the *tienes*, or those who are beginning to have something, value their new sense of individual dignity above everything else. "Whatever happens in Chile, they will never now be able to accept the conditions of the past," Horne points out.

Time after time, I heard the same prediction in Santiago's slums. Despite severe food scarcities and the failure of Allende's Popular Unity (UP) front to keep many of its promises, these people lined up solidly behind Compañero Allende during the crucial midterm congressional elections last March. All predictions to the contrary notwithstanding, the UP scored a 6.7 per cent gain in votes despite an opposition that was, for once, united. Why? "Because Allende has given us a sense of dignity," said a slum housewife, "and that is more important than a full stomach."

There are those Chileans who claim "You can give a Socialist stones for supper and he will still vote Socialist." Nevertheless, even the most sanguine UP supporter will admit that there is a limit to the people's endurance. Because of a significant drop in agricultural production, Chile will have to import more than $400 million worth of food this year, or two-fifths of its total export earnings, although the country could produce 80 per cent of these imports itself. One of the first casualties of the national belt tightening was Allende's pint-a-day milk program for poor Chilean schoolchildren.

Chilean slum dwellers blame *la oligarquía* for the scarcities, claiming that the opposition is hoarding goods for political and speculative motives. While there is some truth in these charges, the principal cause of scarcities, strikes, raging inflation and general economic chaos is the government's own policies. The slum dwellers and the rural poor remain unconvinced, however. Most of these UP voters are under the influence of the Socialists and their extreme Left ally, the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR), not, as Horne assures us, the more conservative Communist Party. Few Socialists and certainly no *Miristas* believe it is possible to carry out a revolution without a break, inevitably violent, with the country's constitution. Chile's capitalist laws can be bent so far, after all, before they snap under the pressure of Marxism.

The slum dwellers and the peasants are willing to take up arms to forward the revolution, as I was often assured in Santiago's *callampa* (mushroom) slum districts and as Horne reports of his encounter with a *Mirista* leader, Comandante Pepe, in the bleak mountains of southern Chile. The son of a *petit bourgeois*—like so many of Latin America's guerrillas—Comandante Pepe told Horne that he believes "civil war in Chile is inevitable." Several miles down the mountainside, Horne interviewed frightened German-Chilean landowners, one of whom pulled a Mauser revolver from under his bed and said: "That's Chile today."

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And it is. As Debray notes accurately, "The path from polite hatred to open hostility is shorter than either side had thought." The first shot most likely will come from the Right, out of desperation. Horne's description of the sense of loss and impotence on the part of the well-to-do recalls a recent evening in Santiago with a Chilean couple I have known for many years. During dinner, a depressed and most un-Chilean-like affair, they debated whether to leave their beloved homeland (Chileans have an almost umbilical attachment to their land, as Horne notes) or to stand and fight—literally. Bottle followed bottle as they sank into total despondency. It was one of the rare occasions when I failed to enjoy Chilean wine. Horne, too, found his share of pain, such as the case of the embittered wife of a landowner whose farm, cultivated by the same family for four generations, was about to be expropriated. She drank herself to sleep every night with several bottles of Chilean champagne.

It is hard to ignore the "human tragedy of major proportions" which the middle and upper classes are suffering. Yet, in a sense, they have reaped the consequences of their own indifference to the need for change. Horne compares, unfavorably, the college youth from a landed family who berates the Left but loafs on holidays because "vacations are for resting from exams" with the highly motivated *Mirista* students who spend their vacation sleeping on floors in cold mountain huts, teaching peasants to read and write—and proselytizing for the revolution.

Not that the *Mirista* interpretation of change is either realistic or of long-term benefit to the downtrodden. As elsewhere in Latin American nations, the student activist and the urban and rural guerrilla tend to be long on narrow idealism but very short on practical objectives. Nevertheless, it is important to know what motivates these young people to violence, and for this reason Horne quotes at length from the diaries of seventy Bolivian university students who "went into the worst country in the world with little more than ham sandwiches" to start a revolution. Known as the Teoponte guerrillas for the rugged jungle region they chose, 200 miles north of La Paz, sixty-two of the seventy were killed by the army or died of hunger and exhaustion during that brief and totally romantic gesture in 1970. Another futile seeking after "Che" perhaps, but as the diaries reveal, most were motivated by a "Christian humanity to defend the illiterate and undernourished from exploitation by a minority, and to give back his dignity to the dehumanized person."

Not all of South America's "bourgeois" young are similarly motivated or even have leftist inclinations; once out of the university and in search of a job and consumer goods, even the revolutionaries tend to revert to form. Much depends on the country's state of politicization, and that is why it is misleading to suggest, as Horne incautiously does, that the Chilean experience may be repeated elsewhere, in Colombia or Peru, for example.

Allende's Chile is historically and politically quite unlike Fidel Castro's Cuba, as the Chilean President has repeated often enough. Likewise, the highly—some say overly—politicized Chileans have little in common with the essentially conservative Colombians, who vote for the same two parties—neither of which is left wing nor in danger of competition from the Left—because their fathers and grandfathers did, not because either party offers the immediate prospect of a "bourgeois revolution."

Change is coming to Colombia with a moderately nationalist, leftward tilt, just as it is to most of Latin America. But to suggest the same sense of pending apocalypse felt by Chile's political Right and Center, as Horne reports, is to miss the essential difference in each Latin American situation. What Horne failed to understand is that Colombian conservatives are just like Colombian farmers: neither ever has anything good to say about the future.

Perhaps at some later date, when historians review these recent events, they will conclude that both Mao and Allende were correct, each in his own country, but that neither man's model for revolution was applicable to the indigenous needs of other nations. Transplants are always difficult in the barren fastnesses of the Andes. □

London Underground

FRANK LIPSIUS

London

The so-called youth culture has generated a lot of cash flow in London. There are the millionaire tailors like John Stephen of Carnaby Street, restaurateurs of the Great American Disaster variety (hamburgers and root beer) and scores of pop stars.

On the other side of the ledger are the victims, like the old Carnaby Street sandwich shops or, for that matter, magazines like *Oz* and *The Black Dwarf*, which were right in there at the beginning of youth's self-consciousness—even before Pepsi-Cola. In their place is a weekly that makes respectful gestures to the Left while relying on a solid audience of Londoners with money in their pockets and entertainment on the brain. With a circulation of 40,000, *Time Out* approaches the financial respectability of more staid fare like the *New Statesman* and *The Spectator*. It lives in an indulgent world where it can afford to ignore its editorial content and still thrive. To the serious but unpretentious 26-year-old publisher, Tony Elliott, the situation is cause for concern, since he would like the built-in circulation of his theatre and events listings to subsidize some good editorial material.

Frank Lipsius writes regularly on theatre and books for a number of British periodicals.

For the time being, however, *Time Out* subsists on a patchy diet of raves for the latest London events, sparse news coverage of police brutality in black neighborhoods and one-page features on speculative pop heroes of next year. The writing varies in quality from inspired passion to obsequious ignorance. Reviews are usually confined to 150 words, clever but too pat. In the last few months a cover story on dance has come to be expected almost every week. When I asked whether dance had become *Time Out*'s latest obsession, Elliott shrugged and said that the dance editor happened to have more initiative than the rest of the staff.

Despite a full-time crew of twenty-seven, *Time Out* tends to be a one-man operation. Most of the people just work on the listings, which manage to keep up to date on all events of possible interest. The latest addition was a sports column, rounding out a list that includes opera, poetry, four categories of film, lectures and television. Up to now, the paper has grown as individuals made suggestions and Elliott told them to carry through their ideas. Staff members came out of the blue to pursue their own interests and run a section of the magazine. Though somewhat chaotic and not conducive to training an editor to succeed Elliott, the nonsystematic growth of the paper has—in Elliott's mind—prevented disastrous policy mistakes. Now that the editor wants a replace-

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THE MAD GIRL WITH SECRET DREAMS

Fat girl from Montana, odd duck,
pressing your face to the flatland
you wrote "I am an unusual person, a genius
in fact." A genius in freckles!
Feet rooted in sagebrush, sullen calves;
they say you were mad
and suffered from an excess of feeling.

Geniuses always identify themselves,
eating, aching, through three meals a day.
What bothered you was your virginity
lying like a stubborn oyster
inland where the sun dries up the dust.
If you could find a focus for your outpourings—
how you longed to be pried open!

Hating being at home, your blunt
jaw like a sawed-off shotgun
held its sight to the mesa
brown as linoleum under the sun,
no target, no distinguishing marks.
Mary MacLane, scrubbing your mother's kitchen
floor, mad young lady, itchy finger,
let your mind go like a dark incendiary.

Kathleen Spivack

ment for himself and a more deliberate policy for the future, he has to cast his net in unfamiliar waters. The search for a new editor has lasted a year now, with two abortive appointments which have brought Elliott back to a post anybody in London would like to have—except Elliott.

As for the new policy, *Time Out* has a head start on everybody's favorite idea—copying *New York* magazine. *Inside London* recently announced itself in the pages of *The Times* (first issue due in the fall) as admittedly a copy of *New York*. Being started by a former advertising executive who is financing it himself, it will have to be careful not to end up an imitation of *Time Out*. Fleet Street gossip has it that the *New York* editor himself was brought over by IPC, the publishing conglomerate, to do a mock-up on a London-based *New York*.

The trend toward entertainment and features is a distinct repudiation of the political papers that used to populate the fringe. In its final issue this spring, *Oz* even mocked its own long struggle with politics and the police: "We wallowed in heavenly clouds of 'international popularity' (I'll trade you one conspiracy rap for three contraventions of the Post Office Act . . .)." Two years ago *Oz* became a *cause célèbre* when its editors were arrested on obscenity charges connected with a "school-kids" issue. The initial conviction was quashed on appeal, an anticlimax that took much of the wind out of the editors' sails. Richard Neville, founder-editor, then started writing for the modestly liberal *Evening Standard*, covering other political trials. Felix Dennis carried on with *Oz*, but will no longer talk about the magazine, its forty-seven issues now ancient history: "To bury ourselves in the nostalgia of a late 1960s consciousness would be an easy trip." He's gone into sex-and-politics comics instead.

In its heyday, *Oz* lived on sporadic exuberance, its offices full of hangers-on, its pages almost unreadable for the psychedelic graphics that covered the copy. When I wrote for it, Dennis spent all his time talking to contributors on the phone. A visit to the office implied that you had nothing to do with *Oz*. It ran an explicit centerfold of Germaine Greer's former husband after *Cosmopolitan* advertised such a spread, but squeezed the genitals between the pages.

All that's left of those days is *International Times*, known by its initials IT. Now seven years old, it seems to be reaching the age of its readers, who are urged on the cover to call the private-listed phone numbers it's dug up of various political figures on the Right and Center. It carries some (stale) news of police busts of one sort or another, a useful service for the provinces where *Time Out* doesn't reach. Its own busts two or three times a year assure it longevity and devotion from the teenagers who appreciate the attention in a London society that no longer caters to them. □

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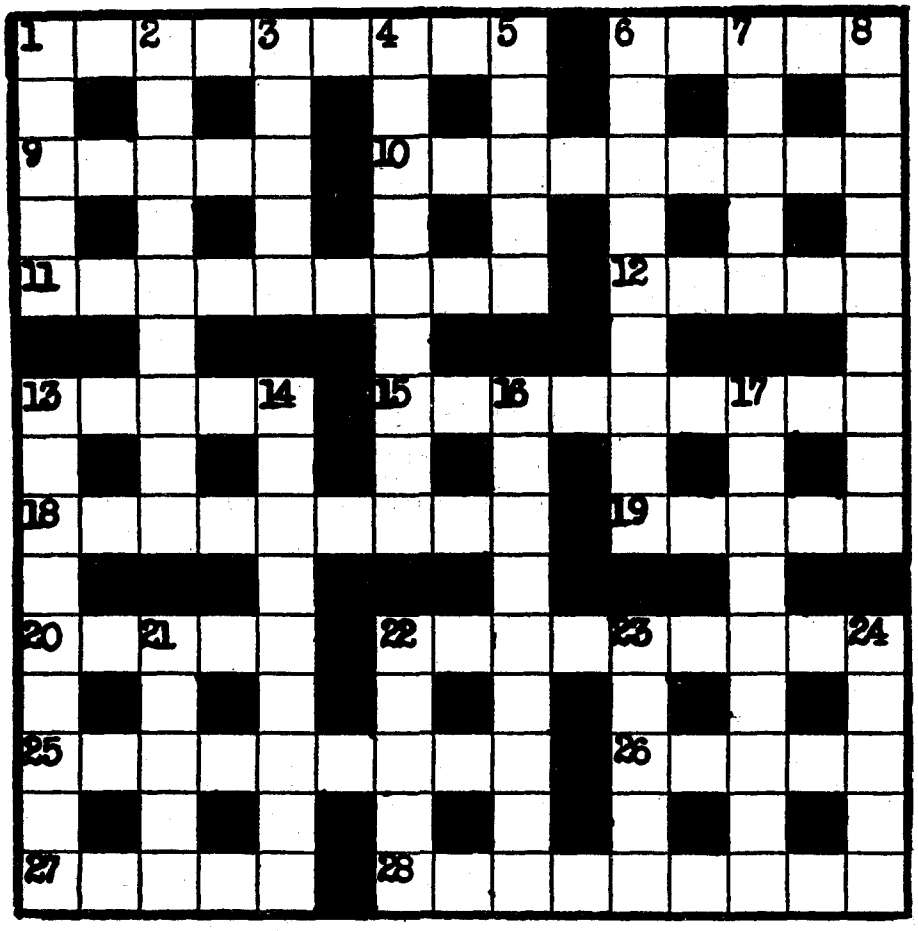
Crossword Puzzle No. 1500

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 Squash box and smash plate as a matter of habit, in part. (9,5)
9 The beginning of soap operas here, possibly. (5)
10 Traditional company drink? (3,3,3)
11 Used to blow things up at times. (9)
12 Instruments the devil traditionally carries. (5)
13 Evidently she doesn't like to work when serving the dinner guests. (5)
15 Concerning one's opportunity for military manoeuver? (5,4)
18 For the present, I'm entitled to show some feeling. (9)
19 See 4 down
20 Is 13 across, in short, part of a following generation? (5)
22 Dividing things up certainly doesn't imply amateur standing. (9)
25 In the main, Peter might be worked up. (2,1,6)
26 Make up for when secretaries might go to lunch? (5)
27 Originally 3 o'clock on March 7 or June 5, for example? (5)
28 Right away that poses trouble! (9)

DOWN

1 and 13 down An irreproachable position. (5,9)
2 and 21 down Aljaferia and Bellver might be what we all are supposed to dream about. (7,2,5)
3 Does it go up and down like something in a turbine? (5)
4 and 19 Equally, where schoolmates are sometimes found. (2,3,4,5)
5 Approaches marked by one pole on each side of the listener. (5)
6 Descriptive of Hamlet's self-proclaimed soul? (9)
7 Put into the register. (5)
8 The old person addressed deserts a rather large number. (9)
13 See 1 down.
14 The movement of lionesses, in more than one sense! (9)
16 They serve as propellers, but oars do differently. (9)
17 Might such a decision imply a "no-no" affair? (9)
21 See 2 down
22 The toast might be made to do what Mom sometimes has to get. (3,2)
23 Water might be shipped so to make a clean-up. (5)
24 Supposed saviours of Rome. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1499

ACROSS: 1 In all directions; 9 Madeira; 10 Back off; 11 Veered; 12 Colonist; 14 Basketball; 15 Anti; 17 East; 19 Winning run; 22 Bookings; 23 Atrium; 25 Earache; 26 Rampage; 27 The plot thickens. DOWN: 1 Immovable object; 2 Address; 3 Loitered; 4 Ivan; 5 Embroiling; 6 Tycoon; 7 Oxonian; 8 Safety in numbers; 13 Abridgment; 16 Anatomic; 18 Scourge; 20 Ruinate; 21 Fiscal; 24 Arch.

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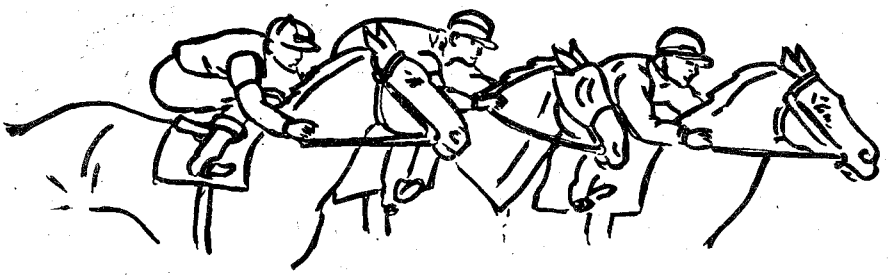

...and the others follow

Here are 5 cases where The NATION was out front, while other publications trailed behind.

CASE NO. 1

May 18, 1970: The NATION runs "The Wired Nation," a study of Cable TV, by Ralph Lee Smith.

June 1, 1970: TIME Magazine publishes a piece called "To Wire A Nation."

CASE NO. 2

Sept. 21, 1970: The NATION runs "Richard Nixon, Theologian" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

July 3, 1972: The NEW YORK TIMES features "Mr. Nixon's Theology" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

CASE NO. 3

June 4, 1973: The NATION runs "Appraising the GAO," a piece about the General Accounting Office by Peter Gruenstein.

June 17, 1973: THE WASHINGTON POST hits with "Congress' GAO Becomes 'Fiscal FBI.'"

CASE NO. 4

Sept. 13, 1971: The NATION digs into "The Corporate Underground" by Timothy H. Ingram.

On Oct. 9, Nov. 3 and 8, 1971, BUSINESS WEEK, The WALL STREET JOURNAL and NEWSWEEK all run the same story, quoting Mr. Ingram.

CASE NO. 5

Nov. 1, 1971: The NATION runs "Pennsylvania's Blue Cross—Something for the Money" by Rose de Wolf.

Feb. 1, 1972: WALL STREET JOURNAL runs "Insurance Regulator In Pennsylvania Stirs Disputes and Headlines."

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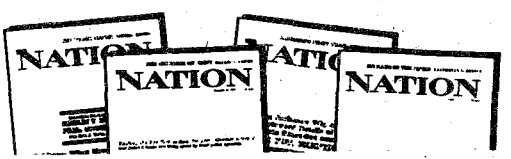

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